State Library

THE CAUCASIAN.

VOL. XII. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1893. NO. 4.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

WHY?

Nine-tenths of the partisan democratic sheets of the State have been criticizing and condemning Senator Vance. These same papers have not criticized Senator Ransom, not even the other tenth of them have, not even one democratic paper that we have seen. Now why is this? Is Vance the enemy of the people and is Ransom their friend? Is Ransom for good government and is Vance for bad government? Is Ransom true to the promises made to the people during the campaign and is Vance false to those pledges? Let us see. Vance voted for free coinage, Ransom voted against free coinage. Vance stands by the people, against monopolies; Ransom is a tool of monopolies, and will serve them while he betrays the people. Vance stands for an honest government of the people, Ransom stands for all that is vicious and destructive in government. He helps the monopolies tighten their grip on the throat of the people every chance that he gets. He is for contracting the currency and bringing the country to a gold standard, which will make cotton and tobacco still lower, and times harder. Then again we ask, why is this that Vance is to receive abuse and Ransom not a word? It is because the controlling forces in the Democratic party of the State as well as in the Nation are against the people? They are of the same stripe as Ransom. In their eyes Ransom has committed no crime, but is a good fellow. Then what is Vance's crime in their eyes? Do they abuse him because he voted for silver and stands by the people? No. They do down in their hearts, but not publicly for that would expose their hand. Instead of abusing him for these things they often speak well of him, to try to fool the people who agree with Vance. Then what are they abusing him about? Because he saw fit as an honest man to condemn the action of the machine in nominating an unworthy man like Elias, and a ballot box stuffer, and *corrupter* of public morals like Simmons for important offices. His position, as we understand it, is, there are good men in the party. Let the President nominate such men and he will then vote to confirm them. Now is this any treason to the people? Is it any treason to the party? Will this action of Vance cause the people's taxes to be higher? No. Will it cause money to be scarcer? No. Will it cause cotton to be lower and debts harder to pay? No. Then what is his crime? It is that he dared to get in the way of the machine. That he is keeping two party henchmen from sucking the public tit and getting pay for their crooked political work. Offices and spoils are what the machine feeds on. It could not live without the flesh pots. These men who abuse Vance for his course in this matter are not concerned about the interests of the people. They think only of the spoils of office. They want to keep the machine together. Can the people follow such men and such a party? Are your interests safe in their hands? They are more dangerous than anarchists. Ramson is their darling pet.

THE TREASON OF SOUTHERN SENATORS

If the Southern Democratic Senators had not deserted the Populists and free silver Republicans, the gold bugs would never have gained their victory. Those Senators who talked and blustered loudest against "unconditional repeal" are those who are responsible for the passage of the bill. When they agreed to the compromise, the fight was lost. They had surrendered and the few who had stood true could fight alone no longer. There were, however, a few Southern Senators who had gone over to the goldbugs even before the compromise. Ransom, Mills, Gordon, Gorman, had voted for free silver every time it had come before congress till this extra session. Gibson is a national banker of New Orleans and he has always voted against silver. But what influenced those other Senators is not well understood. Have they were not bought over, prostituted, "converted," "boodleized" or "bulldozed?" they owe it to the country to rise and explain. Gordon was converted suddenly, on his way to Havana. Mills shamelessly confesses that in reversing himself, he was simply following Cleveland. Ransom was trying to dodge and keep on both sides as he has done for two years, but Cleveland took him on his knees and spanked him. What right he had to spank him is the mystery. We don't think the compromisers sold out to the goldbugs, but they deserted their people for "party harmony," and their treason was no less fatal to the people.

WHY HARD TIMES?

The bankers and gold trust have triumphed. They caused the panic of last summer and threatened to produce another if congress did not obey their orders and at once repeal the Sherman silver law.

Who are these bankers, anyway? What do they produce? what do they distribute? what moral right have they to cumber the earth?

They are money handlers.

The government—which is the people—makes and issues the money for the use of the people in making exchanges. The bankers are a few men who have perfected a scheme of getting between the people's government and the people, getting hold of the money and refusing to give it up until a bounty in the form of interest is paid them. Interest is something that the laborer produces and does not receive; in other words, interest represents unpaid labor. Bankers, then, are men who live in palaces, drive fine horses, own steam yachts, and drink champagne, on that part of the laborer's product for which he is not paid!

These men, highly respectable because they are rich, are the great blood suckers of our nation's wealth. They absorb the wealth made by labor and leave the laborer poor.

These men forced Cleveland to take back what he said about the tariff, and forced him to say in his message to congress that Sherman law (which added $54,000,000 silver dollars to our circulation every year) was "the only menace to our country's prosperity."

The financial writers said a few weeks ago, "The bankers threaten to make another panic." This is a practical admission that they have made one. The fact that they have the power to make a panic, to throw hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of people out of employment, to oblige those who are poor to endure hunger and cold, to make it necessary for hundreds of thousands to spend their little savings, to ruin hundreds of business houses, and bring on such a fever of crime as this country has experienced in the past six months, is sufficient reason why we should learn to look upon them as the foes of civilization, the opponents of progress, something to be condemned and voted out of existence!

Every man who carefully watches the signs of the times knows that we have what the papers call "a stringency in the money market"—a panic of more or less violence—every two or three years. These are bankers' panics.

A bankers' panic is deliberately planned and scientifically executed. Bankers have the power to produce one at any time. They do make one as often as it can be made to pay them well; and sometimes their greed overcomes their discretion and they come near "killing the hen that lays the golden egg."

The bankers know that in one way at least dollars are like potatoes. When the crop is large and potatoes plenty the price is low; and when they are scarce the price is high. So it is with dollars; when they are plenty their price is low—not low in cents, but low in purchasing power. When dollars are cheap prices are high; when dollars are dear prices are low.

There is now so little money in circulation that the banks are able to control it. The banks own large amounts of stocks, bonds and mortgages. When times are good,—when labor is employed, and trade active, the National Bankers' Association decides to have a panic. First they sell their stocks, bonds and mortgages for the high price such property always brings when times are good. Then they turn the checks, drafts, etc., into money. They lock the money up out of circulation, and wait for prices to go down.

The removal of so much of the circulating medium from a place where it is available never fails to cause prices to go down. Falling prices discourage business men. They never care to buy or manufacture goods while prices are on the decline, but prefer to wait till they have reached bed rock. Working forces are everywhere reduced, and in many cases wages are cut down. At the same time the price of cotton, tobacco and everything we make to sell also goes down. The bankers encourage falling prices by refusing to make new loans, to renew old ones, and by calling in demand loans.

All this tends to cause an extra demand for money, and prices go down till the bankers fear that the people may "drop to their little game," and they avoid it by charging the blame to something that does not deserve it, buying many stocks, bonds and mortgages, at the low price, and then wait for the money to circulate and raise prices.

By selling when prices are high and buying when prices are low, (for they force the people to sell when prices are low) the few are enabled to grow immensely rich while the great common people are kept poor The last census verifies this statement by showing that one man in every two thousand is richer than the other nineteen hundred and ninety-nine, that less than one-third of one million men own one-half of all the wealth in the United States.

It was the bankers who were fighting the Sherman law. They fight every financial law by which money gets into circulation without passing through their hands. Our recent panic has been made more severe than usual by the efforts of the bankers to fool the people into repealing the one law that provides for real government money. For the same reason the bankers are opposed to greenbacks or money through the subtreasury. And they will never agree to State banks unless they are under their control. Mark this!

Because the great common people have neglected their political duties, because they have voted as their fathers did instead of interesting themselves in the great questions of the relation of man to property, property to government, and government to mankind, because men whose only motive is personal gain have taken advantage of people's neglect and gained control of the great tool of exchange—money, we are having hard times. This is not the only cause of hard times. For the other causes, read the Alliance Demands. Hard times will never disappear till the causes of hard times are removed. Congress is the only body that can remove these causes. The Democratic party now has charge of congress. Instead of removing the causes produced by Republican legislation, the Democratic party has turned traitor to the people, and is adding more causes to produce more hard times. The Democrats commenced, where the Republicans stopped. They are in copartnership with the bankers and monopolists, and are helping to rob and oppress the people. The Populist party is pledged to remove these very causes and give the people who will work a chance to prosper. The Populist party is the Nation's Star of hope and patriots everywhere are rallying to its standard. Of course every banker and monopolist is fighting the Populist party. Then can the party win? Yes. For there are fifty people who are suffering from the bad legislation of the Republican and Democratic parties where one is being benefitted. Then let the people who are suffering from hard times simply stand together and elect a Populist President and a Populist congress and the victory is won. Then the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson will again control our government and we will enjoy the liberty and justice for which our ancestors fought. On with the fight! We must stand together.

TRYING TO FOOL THE PEOPLE AGAIN.

During the last campaign we told the people that the Chicago platform was a cowardly make-shift, and was written to deceive the people. This was indignantly denied by the Democratic speakers and politicians, but now every Democratic paper in the State (except one) is making the same charge. But the people must watch these papers, they are not making this confession because they have undergone any change of heart, they are doing it to try to hold the confidence of the people so they can fool them again. They know that the people are in open revolt against the goldbug policy of the adminstration, and that they themselves are losing their hold upon the people. The Democratic politicians and editors have caucused over the situation and decided that in as much as the next campaign will not be a national one, that probably they can hold the people to the machine by claiming that Cleveland has fooled them also. They want to hold the next legislature, and are willing to denounce Cleveland in order to gain that point. They think if they can keep the collar of the machine on the people two years longer, that when the next national campaign comes around that they can whip up the people to support the next nominee of the Democratic party, even if another goldbug in disguise is nominated on another platform of double meaning. Watch the State machine, it fooled you last year and is now abusing Cleveland to try to keep the people from crushing the machine in righteous indignation. The same motive that prompted the machine to misrepresent the facts last fall, prompts it now to denounce the administration so as to hold your confidence. They then magnified Cleveland with the hope of staying in power and holding offices, they are now denouncing Cleveland with the same hope of staying in power and holding offices. Watch them! Eternal vigilence is the price of liberty!

SENATOR TELLER'S GREAT SPEECH.

ONE OF THE SHORTEST, YET ONE OF THE STRONGEST.

A MANLY APPEAL FROM A STATESMAN AND A PATRIOT

"The Most Terrible Moment of His Legislative Life"—"The Valley and the Shadow of Death" Before the People.

After the Senate had voted down the amendment of Senator Peffer to revive the silver law that was on the statute books before the demonetizing "crime of 1873" and the amendment of Senator Perkins was about to be voted on Senator Teller said:

Mr. President, the proposed amendment of the Senator from California is a proposition for free coinage of the American product with a seigniorage of 20 per cent. For myself, I have never favored the coinage of the American product. I have never believed that that is good policy, or will be sound monetary law if it should ever be enacted into law. I have never put my advocacy in this Chamber of the free coinage of silver upon the ground that it would benefit especially the producer of silver. While, of course, I have not been insensible to the fact that it would benefit the State which I in part represent on this floor, I have never felt that I could ask the friends of silver to do what my judgment was against, and that is to limit the coinage to the American product.

SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER.

I have not believed, and do not believe now, that the coinage of the world's product of silver that would come to our mints would in any manner threaten the finances of this country. I do not intend to enter into any general discussion of that question. We have disposed of that question to-day, at least so far as this session is concerned. I am afraid, Mr. President, we have disposed of it for a much longer time than that. At all events, that has now ceased to be a live question before this Senate. The Senate, by a majority quite marked, has decided not to accept that amendment. While I do not favor this amendment in the first instance, yet it is so much better than the proposed law, and the condition of the American people would be much better with this amendment incorporated into the law, that I shall cast my vote for it.

The amount of silver that would be received at the mints under this law could not be very great; certainly not more than we have been purchasing and storing away in the Treasury during the last three years I will admit that there are serious objections to it; I will admit that it does not come up to the highest principle of monetary science; but, after all, it will furnish to the American people some additional currency; it will keep silver in the currency of this country; it will say to the world, if it shall be adopted, that the United States at least intends to utilize its own product, and we shall not present the wonderful spectacle to the world of a nation producing more silver than any other nation degrading, debasing, and destroying the value of our own product.

If somebody shall hereafter point his finger at me and say that I have had a selfish motive to induce me to vote for it because the people of Colorado are the producers of silver, I shall answer that on a former occasion, when there was no threat of this kind held before the American people, that is, the passage of a bill for the complete and entire demonetization of silver, I voted against a bill proposing to coin the American product, I should vote against it now if there were the slightest hope, if there were the slightest expectation, that we could secure something better.

But, Mr. President, I know the point to which we have come. I know that with the passage of this act, which it seems to be declared here on this floor and elsewhere is to pass in a short time, you will have completed, ratified, indorsed, and approved the act of 1873. For myself I do not care hereafter to hear any man condemn that act who votes for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act, and who votes against every proposition that comes before the Senate to recognize silver in the currency of this country in the future.

Mr. President, I do not care to take the time of the Senate to discuss this question, but I do feel bound to say a word or two with reference to the local interest that I represent in the State of Colorado; and I believe I might as well say them at some other time in the course of this debate.

Mr. President, the State of Colorado has been, is now, and is capable of being in the future, the great silver-producing State in the Union. There is in the world only one other political organization, if we except the United States, that has produced as much silver as the State of Colorado, and that is the Government of Mexico.

* * *

Mr. President, we are to be greatly hurt by the legislation that strikes silver out of the monetary system of the United States. But if I believed that the retention of the Sherman law in our statutes would be injurious to the great body of the people of the United States, I would not stand on this floor and advocate its retention. If I did not believe that all the people of the United States were to suffer with us, I would not have protested for days and weeks, as I have here, against the passage of this bill. For myself, I believe that there are many sections of the country that will suffer worse, because of this legislation, than will the State of Colorado.

At the first we shall be the great sufferers. You cannot destroy the industries of a State producing twenty-five or more million dollars of the precious metals without bringing great disaster and distress upon the people. But the people of Colorado are not the people to surrender to adversity or to adverse conditions.

Mr. President, I shall vote for this amendment, because if it should pass it would be some relief to us. It would be greater relief to the people of the United States.

I do not intend to weary the Senate, but I cannot allow this occasion to pass without saying that to me it is the most terrible moment of my legislative life. To me, Mr. President, it brings more anxiety, more fear, than any moment since I entered public life.

What do I fear, Mr. President? I fear that we are entering upon a financial system from which there is absolutely no escape. I know that some Senators on the other side of the Chamber will tell me that when this bill is out of the way they will introduce other bills looking to the rehabilitation of silver. Mr. President, I have no hope in that direction. I know, as I know that I stand here, there will be no favorable legislation for silver until the American people are heard from at the ballot box and heard from in a way that will compel attention to their desires.

Mr. President, when I speak of what the people may do, I do not underrate the great agencies with which the people have to contend. I know that it is the combined capital of the world. I know that it is the money-lenders of Europe as well as the money-lenders and money-changers of this country. I know that they have the power to control the great agencies of thought. I know that they can and will control the great press of the country. Nay, more, Mr. President, they have the ability with their wealth to control more than the great press; they will control public and private thought and public and private influence all over this land.

Mr. President, the stake is too great to be lightly given up. It is not for a day; it is not for a year; it is for the great future they are contending. The men who own the money of the world, the bonds, the interest-bearing securities, know that if they can put this country upon a gold standard and keep it there five years, they have put the world upon that standard; and then we will return to the condition of things that existed prior to the discoveries of gold in California; prices will go as they have been going, gradually lower and lower; individual opportunities will be less and less.

Mr. President, all men ought to have equal opportunities. They will not have it under a system that makes one-half of the men slaves of the other half. With the grasp that these men have upon the industries and the enterprises of the country, there is but little hope.

Mr. President, I am not a pessimist. I never have been. I am an optimist. I have never seen disaster and distress growing out of policies simply because they did not meet my approval. I have had faith in the American people, and I have had faith in men. I am full of hope and courage in all thing concerning my country. I can see the silver lining in every cloud. There never is a storm so dark that I can not see the coming light on the mountain top. But I can not contemplate the coming condition of the people without grave apprehension, nay, more, without absolute terror. It strikes to my very soul.

Mr. President, I want to warn the American people that if they do not now resist they will speedily enter upon a system of industrial slavery which will be the worst known to the human race.

THE ROBBER TARIFF.

On November 1st, the Democratic party had been in power thirty-four weeks. During that time (according to ante-election statements) the "culminating atrocity" has robbed us of just $456,769,226. This must be charged up to them as they are in complete control and could, ere this, have wiped out every vestige of the "McKinley monstrosity." We propose to keep tab on this weekly, adding $13,461,538. Just watch how it grows and show the result to your democratic neighbor.—Dakota Ruralist. (tf.)

THE FIGHT IS ON.

EVERY PATRIOT MUST SOON TAKE A STAND.

THE FIGHT IS BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND THE MACHINE—THE POLITICIANS WHO ARE THE AGENTS AND TOOLS OF THE MONOPOLIES.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN RANSOM AND JARVIS INSIDE THE MACHINE—BUT THEY WILL SOON COMBINE IN A FIGHT AGAINST THE PEOPLE.

The Part Which Simmons and "Me Too" Carr is Taking—The Machine Never Divides and the People Must Not Divide—On Which Side Are You?

[Raleigh Correspondence.]

Some very interesting moves are now being made on the political chess-board in North Carolina which are intended to have a direct if some what remote bearing upon the election of a successor to Senator Ransom next year. The Senator is regarded as an exceedingly lucky man having been first elected to the Senate in 1870 and is now serving his fourth consecutive term in that honorable body, a circumstance that has no precedent in the history of North Carolina politics where short periods of consecutive service have generally prevailed. It has not been without sore misgiving that he has entered into the last two fights for re-election, but with an extraordinary amount of personal beseeching at the last and very astute manipulation at the previous election he has succeeded in accomplishing what at various times seemed to be impossible.

The Senator is an astute politician and is so regarded and whatever amount of hostility he may have incurred during the middle part of his term, it has been his fortune to smoothe over and make disappear at the critical re-election moment. Indeed, it has been said that so artfully has he contrived his canvass on such occasions that he would bring the hostiles over to his side amidst mutual weeping and regrets that there ever should have been any estrangement—any thought of animosity towards the Senator.

I repeat, that the Senator is wiley, very wiley, and even if he were displeased at such a charge he certainly would not deny it. And yet I affirm that he will have occasion to use all of the powers with which he has been endowed if he should hope to succeed himself next year. Even if the Democratic party should carry the State next year, (which now is very doubtful), he will meet with powerful opposition in his own party. Not because the machine and the Railroads are displeased at his course (as indefensible and unworthy as it is) but because there is another astute politician—a "disinterested visiting statesman" without a job (who also has claims on the machine and the railroads) who wants the place. Early in the last campaign, this, ex-Governor Jarvis, was shrewd enough to see the advantage to be gained by so ingratiating himself with the Democratic candidate for Governor (Carr) as to be able to use or control him in the future battle for the Senatorship, and with this end in view, he caused himself to be billed with the candidate for Governor in his canvass of the State He acted as a sort of wet nurse for the said candidate—accompanying him wherever he went.

It is well known that Mr. Carr is a very indifferent speaker—was a compromise candidate—and is withal a weak vessel, though obstinate; and it was a mercy to him that he had "conductor" Jarvis to steer him clear of opposing speakers. His own State committee refused to allow him to meet the opposing candidates in joint debate. It is therefore the most natural thing in the world that he should feel very grateful towards his mentor and protector Jarvis, and he has already begun to show his gratitude in a substantial way. All honor to him for it.

The first gun, (though it was carefully muzzled), in the series of skirmishes that is likely to lead up to the battle royal was fired by the last legislature which displaced the Board of Directors of the State Penitentiary with an entirely new Board which if not actually inimical to the Senator are certainly not wedded to his interests, and some of whom are known to harbor bitter ill-will towords him.

But the first overt action as it is generally understood by the knowing ones was taken by Governor Carr and his counsel in turning down Col. Paul Faison who had been Superintendent of the penitentiary for the past four years and appointing a Mr. Leazer in his place. It is generally believed to have been engineered by "conductor" Jarvis. This not only aroused the wrath of Faison, who little expected such an audacious "move," but created consternation among the ranks of the "blue-bloods" of which he is a conspicuous member.

It will not split the Democratic party, of course, but it has caused a great deal of ill-feeling and hard swearing. Those who run political machines and divide the spoils can not afford to fall out and divide. Each side could tell too many damaging things on the other.

Hitherto it is understood that Senator Ransom has had the undivided support of the railroad influence of the State. But Jarvis will or ought to divide this great power in politics with him next time. For the people remember (and of course the corporation does) the service that Jarvis rendered the railroads during the session of the last legislature when the back tax question was up. Mr. Jarvis appeared on the scene with serene countenance posing as "a disinterested visiting statesman," as the friend and advisor of the State, BY REQUEST(?). He told Governor Carr what he thought ought to be done in the matter, when the little Governor said "me too." Then together they convinced the legislature that it was in the interest of those who work and pay taxes not to collect a like ratio of taxes from the poor, weak and struggling railroads. Of course these railroads will be grateful and support Jarvis this time or else give him the amount of a Senator's salary $30,000, for he probably caused the State to lose many times that amount for them.

Again, those who were interested in committing this cowardly act of repealing the Alliance charter ought to stick to him. He do doubt influenced Governor Carr to stand by quitely while the crime was being committed. And further, we are told, that when the legislature got in a hole over the amendments offered by the Alliance officers, that they sent for Mr. Jarvis to come and confer with them about this trouble.

Since the legislature adjourned the "Conductor" has lost no opportunity to keep his "me too" Carr in good running trim for the Jarvis Senatorial race. Even a few weeks ago when a Bishop was to be consecrated at Tarboro, we are told that the "Conductor" left his home in Greenville, went to Raleigh, took his Carr and piloted him down and saw him back safe in the "Jarvis folly Governor's mansion."

In the meantime Ransom is not idle. He has even betrayed his people and sold out his body and soul to Cleveland and the gold bugs to get all the patronage of North Carolina at his disposal. He thinks with it all he can buy his way back into the Senate. He is terribly anxious to have Elias and Simmons confirmed as "red-legged grasshopper" revenue officers. For in this capacity they can go all over the State organizing the machine for Ransom. And then, too, he knows that Simmons is a good man to count a party in when it fails to get enough votes.

And thus the fight goes on inside the ranks of the machine, though it is more than possible that Ransom will be re-elected if the machine holds the State.

But there comes the rub. Unless the manhood of the people of North Carolina has changed they will never again bow their necks to the machine of Ransom, Simmons and Jarvis. The people are not only shocked at the dishonest methods by which the party got in power but they are thoroughly disgusted with the cowardly and partisan action of the last legislature, and are in utter dispair at the recent traitorous action of congress. In addition to this the political record of Ransom and Jarvis will add nothing to the unsavory record of the now corrupted and dishonest party. The men who have toiled and sweated under a score of summer's suns, suffering and oppressed by bad and vicious legislation, being cheered only with the hope that they would get justice when the Democratic party should control the affairs of the nation, are in no humor to be trifled with again. When they are asked again next year to rally and "save the grand old party," which is to give a few politicians fat offices, while they still suffer, they will throw off the yoke of the politician and vote for their interests, they will vote for the only party that is not owned and controlled by corporations. They will put the Populists party in power forever and have not only a change of office holders, but a change of conditions.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

☞Nearly every man who has advertised in THE CAUCASIAN has taken the trouble to assure us that he was highly satisfied with the results.

BENNY BUNN GOES TO THE WHITE HOUSE

FOR STRONACH'S COMMISSION AS POSTMASTER AT RALEIGH.

BUT FINDS GROVER HAD GONE SQUIRREL HUNTING.

STRONACH IS NOT IN IT.

WHEN BOSS RANSOM SAYS THE WORD IT WILL BE BUNREE.

If Brutus Was an Honorable Man, Why Not Grover?

Benny Bunn's Disappointment.

(From Our Special Correspondent in Washington.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 13, '93.—Immediately following the final action repealing the Sherman law, Mr. Bunn lost no time in directing his footsteps toward the White House. To his great amazement he found the President had gone squirrel hunting with Secretary Gresham. It is quite "English," you know, for a gentleman to be able to take his friends hunting in the woods surrounding his establishment. It was, therefore, the proper thing for this gentleman, elected by English gold, to take the man who deserted the Republican party to get an office, and stroll for the day with one or two of the old soldiers who are on duty at the White House skirmishing in advance to hunt up the squirrels.

But it was a great disappointment to the man who had successfully straddled the silver question, finally voting for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. It was a propitious time, he thought, to get Bill Stronach's commission as Postmaster at Raleigh. If precedent goes for anything Stronach is doomed to disappointment. It can be safely asserted that Mr. Ransom has a clear bill of sale for all the contested North Carolina patronage, and he is not recommending Stronach that anybody knows of.

A CASE IN POINT.

To-day one of Voorhees' henchmen was appointed Internal Revenue Collector after a stubborn opposition on the part of congressman Brookshire. Brookshire was an original Cleveland man at Chicago and was working for Cleveland's nomination when Voorhees was trying his best to defeat Cleveland and giving out interviews that his nomination would be a great political mistake to the Democratic party. Before the extra session began the President appointed Voorhees' brother-in-law and other relatives and henchmen to office, but under attacks made in the Senate on Voorhees by his Democratic associates, alleging that he had been bought by patronage, the business of appointing his followers to office was temporarily stopped.

As soon as the silver bill was passed Voorhees began to insist on the appointment of Jump as collector, and to day the President made the appointment. So far Voorhees has got everything to be had in Indiana, and it is believed that his agreement with the Administration, whereby he turned coat on the silver question, will hold good for the next three years and secure him all the patronage in Indiana.

RANSOM IN THE SAME BOAT.

That Ransom will get about the same treatment from the Administration that Voorhees has received is already evidenced in the President's reckless re-appointment of Elias and Simmons in North Carolina. Up to the hour Ransom voted for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, he was on record as a free silver man. Without a word of explanation, without excuse, he reversed his position, defied an overwhelming public sentiment in North Carolina and voted to destroy silver. He stands conspicuously alone as the only man in the United States Senate who cast a silent vote in the face of a public remonstrance. What the consideration was that influenced him is left wholly to inference. It lies between patronage and patriotism, but the inference up to date is strongly against the latter.

THE CIRCUIT JUDGESHIP.

The impression has been made that the vacancy on the Federal bench caused by Judge Bond's death has been tendered to Ransom on a solid silver—16 to 1 ratio—platter. Some people are ready to believe anything they hear, but such stories as this are intended only for the mariner. Circuit Judgeships are not dished out in that way. They go to the plum-hunters and don't fall into every watery mouth that closes only at some premonition of lock-jaw symptons.

At one time Judge Bond was a thoroughly execrated man in North Carolina. He is remembered now and odiously, in connection with the Ku-Klux trials in the State, and especially in reference to Randolph Shotwell's trial and subsequent imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary. But later on he was recognized as an able and brilliant jurist. The scramble for his place has been indecent. He was scarcely dead before it began. Before the funeral obsequies were over the clamor was at full pace. It has grown to colossal proportions, not less than fifty names being urged for the appointment.

Evidently the President thinks that something is due to decency and on that account has delayed the appointment. The report that it had been offered Mr. Ransom started

(Continued on Second Page.)

THE CAUCASIAN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

MARION BUTLER, Editor & Propr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR, - - - - - - - - - $1.00
SIX MONTHS, - - - - - - - - .50

[Entered at the Post Office at Goldsboro', N. C., as second-class mail matter.]

THE ADVERTISING SPACE
of this paper except Local is controled by
THE INDEPENDENT
RURAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
Boyce Building, CHICAGO.
P. G. VAN VLEET, Manager,
Who are responsible for all advertisements appearing in same, and to whom all enquiries for rates, sample copies, etc., should be addressed.

Nebraska and Colorado have gone Populist, and the party has made large gains in every State in the Union. The gain in Massachusetts is 200 per cent. over last year's vote. Right will finally triumph.

HONEST DEMOCRATS, WHAT WILL YOU DO?

We must have a change. There must be reform in our government. You voted for a change last fall, you have gotten it, but it is simply another step down the dark road of Republican legislation. It is a change, but a change for the worse, and done by your own party. You are of course disappointed; you know that the money power and monopolies are running our government at the expense of justice to you and a majority of the people. You know that your party is in their hands. Now what is your duty? Your duty is to use your influence and vote to change this condition. Your duty is to take the management of our government out of the hands of monopoly and goldbugs. You know it. What are you going to do about it? As an honest man you are no doubt thinking about it, you must soon decide. Some of you have already turned your eyes to the Populist party as the only pillar of light to lead us out of the darkness of goldbug oppression. But some of you are thinking of following a different course. You think that in as much as the pure Democratic principles are right, that you will fight it out in the Democratic party. You are thinking that it is your duty to try to reform the party. This is a noble intention, but a fatal mistake Give us your ear for a moment, and we will call your attention to some facts in history. Let us see what a vain and hopeless task you are about to undertake. You are no doubt a good man, you are a patriot or you would not be dissatisfied at the reign of monopoly. But you are about to waste your energies and spoil your good intentions by failure. You are about to undertake what no man has ever succeeded in doing. The history of the world shows that time and again a goodly number of men in parties and various organizations have attempted to reform them when they became corrupt, but have in every instance failed. This has been true in church as well as in state; the result has been that the good men who undertook it wasted their energies and good intentions, that would have counted to great effect if exerted in another direction to secure the result desired. We could quote one hundred cases, but have space for only two, one in church and one in state:

"John Clark Ridpath in his history of the world, where in speaking of the attempts of Luther and others, at first to reform the Catholic church within itself, he says: "Vain chimera fond and childish credulity to suppose that the thing to be reformed could mend itself, that abusers would abolish the abuse. The history of the world has not yet presented an example of an organization grown sleek and fat and conscieousless by the destruction of human freedom and the spoilation of mankind, that has had the virtue and honesty to make restitution and return to an exemplary life; nor will such a phenomenon ever be seen under the sun, whether the organization be religious, political or social. that law is equally irreversible by which Ephram is joined to his idols. He and they are bound by an indissoluble tie and will perish together." Again he says in speaking of the abuse under the Roman Empire: "The privileged classes of mankind have no conscience on the subject of their privilege. History does no adduce one instance in which a nobiltity or even a monopoly, (and he might have added a political party,) entrenched in precedent and custom has ever voluntarily made restitution to society of the rights of which she had been despoiled. The iron jaws which closes on the marrow bone of privilege never relax until they are broken."

Now dear voters read the above paragraph again. Remember that it was written by a great historian who has studied the rise and fall of every government and every conflict between right and wrong. Remember also that he is a disinterested witness. The editor of THE CAUCASIAN at one time started out with a fond hope of reforming the Democratic party. We saw as clearly then as we see now, that reform had to come before the people could get justice or relief. We saw that the government had to be taken from the hands of bankers, railroad kings and other monopolies. We studied the great principles of the party as laid down by Jefferson and Jackson and saw clearly that the triumph of their principles would save the people and give us honest government. We saw on the other hand that the party which claims the principles of these great patriots had been perverted and was in the hands of the enemy of the people, nothing but the name of the party left. But, even the name of the Democratic party was very dear to us. All of our ancestors on both our mother's and father's side had been Democrats from the Revolutionary war up, and hence we resolved to use all of our energies and talent to drive out of power those who had corrupted the Democratic party, and were floating its great banner over Republican principles. It was our darling hope and fondest ambition. But the more we studied the history of politics, and the rise and fall of other governments in the past, the more we investigated the methods of the Democratic party in our affairs, we saw how politicians (who had sold their souls to monopoly) had stolen the livery of a party that had the confidence of the people, and were succeeding in fooling the people to support the very agencies that was causing their destruction. We also saw how machines are built up inside of that party, how packed conventions nominated such men as monopoly might name, and then appeal to the people in the name of the party to stand to the ticket. We saw how the same influence would control the conventions of both opposing parties, and then leave the people to choose between twiddle-de, and twiddle-dum in the election. In that case the success of either party meant a victory for the enemy of the people. At last we saw plainly, and were thoroughly convinced that the people would never get honest laws, and equal justice, until the great rank and file left both rotten machines, organized a new party, and under their own banner march against the enemy. Even when we saw this, it required considerable effort to take the step, but a sense of duty, and an interest in the future of our country drove us to it. Necessity will soon drive us all to it. And now if even a majority of those who are suffering from the present condition in both political parties, will throw off the party yoke, hoist a banner that belongs to no click or monopoly, and march against both machines, they will be routed, and the people will win—the principles of Jefferson and Jackson will again triumph, and equal justice will once more reign and prosperity will again bless our land. Will you do it now?

WHAT THE ELECTIONS LAST WEEK MEAN.

The latest returns show much larger Republican majorities North than the first returns indicated. New York goes Republican by nearly 100,000 majority, Pennsylvania by 130,000 majority, Ohio by 80,000 majority, Massachusetts by 30,000 majority, Iowa by 30,000 majority. Out West in Nebraska the Populists carry the State by from 2,000 to 5,000 over both the Democrats and Republicans. In Virginia where the fight was between the Populists and the Democrats, the latter claim the State by a majority all the way from 30,000 to 40,000.

Every State North which has gone so heavily Republican (except Ohio), had Democratic Governors. This landslide means that the masses who are suffering from hard times, voted last year Democratic hoping for a change, and now go back and vote Republican because they are disappointed. It means that the party yoke is off and they will vote for any party that will give them relief and justice. When their eyes get a little wider open, they will vote the Populist ticket They are now vainly oscillating between two monopoly-rid den parties. But it is a hopeful sign. The vote in Virginia is a valuable lesson to the Populists there. They have now just learned what the party in North Carolina learned last year,—that a majority of the people can be defeated if they are not thoroughly organized and that the ballot box must be protected by the manhood of the voter. In addition, the bulk of the negroes in Virginia voted the Democratic ticket or else their votes were counted that way. It is very probable that a majority of the white people of Virginia are already Populists and the party will continue to grow. With the discipline that comes from defeat, we expect to see the increasing hosts of the Populist party march to victory in Virginia and North Carolina next year.

The Republicans claim that their victory in New York and other Northern States shows that the protection idea is gaining ground, while Grover Cleveland says that it is because the Southern and Populist Senators would not let him pass "unconditional repeal" as soon as he wanted it. But the fact is the people are suffering so from dishonest conditions that in their desperation they are jumping back and forth from the frying-pan and the fire. But the vote in New York means more than this. It means a split in the Democratic party there. The Cleveland mugwump Democrats helped the Republicans to carry the State to spite Hill and Tammany. Next year, there will be retaliation if Mugwumps are put up by the Democrats and the Republicans will carry the State again.

WHY THEY MISREPRESENT THE PRESIDENT.

Every day some Democratic paper or politician is chargeing that congress and the President have violated the pledges of the Chicago platform. They are unjust, or rather incorrect. The Chicago platform did not promise free coinage of silver. The platform was carefuly worded so as to promise nothing; it was a "cowarely make shift" tprepared to deceive the people. During the last campaign we read and desected that platform on every stump and showed that it was made to be interpreted one way North and another way South. It was made like the old negro's firsh trap, "to catch 'em coming and going." This charge was bitterly denied by all the Southern papeprs and politicians, especially by Messrs. Aycock and Glenn, the Cleveland electors at large in the State. We read on the stump extracts from speeches made by Northern speakers to Northern audiences. Among the extracts we read was one from a speech mabe by Carl Schurz before the Cleveland reform club of Brooklyn, on Sept. the 19th, '92. It is a fair sample of the Northern speeches and is as follows:

"I regard the free coinage movement as gradually dying out on one condition, that is, if Mr. Cleveland is elected to the Presidency. As President he can render a service to the cause which Mr. Harrison, (be his financial principles and purposes ever so correct) will be incapable of rendering. Under Mr. Cleveland's leadership, the free coinage heresy will lose its foot-hold in the party. There is one thing, however, which may restore the free coinage movement to new hope life and strength. that is, the defeat of Mr. Cleveland in this election."

When with such proof as the above quotation we began to make the hypocrisy of the Democratic platform evident, Mr. Aycock (now United States attorney in the Eastern district) grew eloquent in his advocacy of free coinag, and tried to assure the people that he had full faith in the platform, and closed his appealsto the people by declaring that if the party was fooling the people, that it was also fooling him, and that therefore if the party did not give the people free coinage of silver, that he would denounce it and join the Populist party.

When we met Mr. Glenn (the other United States district attorney) on the stump and produced the same evidence to show the hypocrisy of the platform, he got so alarmed at the effects of the exposure, that he wrote to Mr. Cleveland, praying that he should send him a letter, saying, that he Grover, was for free coinage of silver. Mr. Glenn made a great ado about a letter which he claimed to have gotten from Mr. Cleveland in answer, saying that he was for free coinage, and assured the people that he knew, and could prove, that it was the President's position by his own mouth. Now unless the President did write this letter he should not be abused by Democrats who stood sponser for him last fall. The speakers and the papers who put all sorts of interpretations on the platform to fool the people are those who are to blame. They see this and feel it, and are now trying to excuse themselves before the people in making false promises during the campaign by charging that Cleveland is not standing on the platform. Cleveland is standing right where we told the people last fall he would stand. Cleveland has interpreted the platform just as we interpreted it, and as Mr, Carl Schurz did in his speech as quoted above. The Southern politicians and papers are either very silly or else they have wilfully fooled the people; the people will hold them responsible. The people blame Mr. Cleveland just as they blame every goldbug for taking a stand against them, but he has at least been a consistant goldbug. It is the men South who wanted offices and spoils who have hoodwinked the people into supporting the goldbugs so they themselves could get offices.

Five hundred people are to-day suffering from hard times caused by bad legislation where one person is being benefitted. Of course the one who is being benefitted wants the laws to stay as they are or to be made worse. Of course the five hundred want the laws changed. These bad laws must be changed by votes. Then why don't the five hundred vote for a change? Why don't they vote for the party that will make the change?

Read in another column the great speech made by Senator Teller, just before silver was murdered by the hands of its professed friends. Read what he says of the future. Read what he says about how the money power and monopolies control the great daily newspapers of the country.

Our Raleigh correspondent "One of the People" writes us only occasionally. Read what he says in this issue about the coming fight in this State.

Virginia Populists have made a glorious fight against the combined forces of the administration and Wall street money power, Virginia will go Populist next year.

Cleveland is a splendid recruiting agent for the People's party.

When you don't get your paper send us a postal card at once. Don't wait two or three weeks. We will send you the missing copy and also investigate the trouble. (tf.)

CLEVELAND CONDEMNED.

DEMOCRACY DEFEATED, DAMNED AND DEMORALIZED.

AN UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST MACHINE POLITICS.

A TIDAL WAVE OF PUBLIC INDIGNATION.

A REVOLUTION THAT NEVER GOES BACKWARDS.

Notice to the Machine In North Carolina.

"Quem Deus Vult Perdere, Prius Dementat!"

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.— Local causes are all well in their way, in accounting for last week's election results, but the "demnition total" is what puzzles, distracts and bewilders the Democratic party. It is comprehensible that Maynard,

THE BALLOT BOX THIEF,

in New York should be damned and buried by a majority of 100,000 in favor of the Republican candidate for the Court of Appeals; but how about the election of the Republican State ticket by a majority of 30,000, when only a year ago the Democratic State and National ticket were elected by 50,000 plurality. It is easy to understand how a people with any self-respect or with any sense of decency left shou'd vote against Maynard. Every respectable lawyer in the State, every bar association had denounced him a criminal; every reputable newspaper—both Democratic and Republican—had branded him a thief. In the teeth of all this indignation the Hill-Croker machine nominated him for Judge of the Court of Appeals—the highest judicial tribunal in the great Empire State. The nomination was made by the machine as Maynard's reward for stealing the election returns of Duchess county two years ago, which resulted in the organization of a Democratic legislature and the subsequent election of David B. Hill to the United States Senate, and still later the election of "boss" Murphy to the Senate. So, to-day, the Senate is Democratic by virtue of Maynard's theft of the Duchess county election returns. Dan Lamont, the President's alter ego, went to New York and voted for Maynard. Mr. Cleveland did not vote but was careful to have the statement printed in all the newspapers that he was willing to vote for him, but public business detained him in Washington. It is the wont of a great many to exalt Mr. Cleveland on a lofty pedestal away above the "gang" in New York whose domination in that State has been found a disgrace on the whole country. It took a revolution to dethrone the corrupt Tweed ring twenty years ago and history repeated itself last Tuesday.

The people's victory over Hill and Croker in New York and boss McLaughlin in Brooklyn is a national triumph which should command the enthusiastic acclamation of every honest man in the land.

DISGUST, ALARM, DISAPPOINTMENT.

The thirty-five thousand majority —practically 85,000, when Cleveland's plurality of 50,000 a year ago is considered—for the Republican State ticket was an emphatic expression of general disgust for Mr. Cleveland's administration; profound apprehension about radical tariff legislation, and disappointment at the obvious incapacity of a Democratic congress. The appointment of Van Allen as ambassador to Rome because he contributed $50,000 to the Democratic campaign fund, and the appointment of Rosevelt as Secretary of Legation at London, because of a $10,000 contribution to the same fund, disgusted decent people everywhere, and practically in New York where these snobs were known. Van Allen voted the Democratic ticket once only since he attained manhood. Rosevelt,— Rosevelt, the bipenated dude—has never been accused of doing so plebian and common a thing as voting a Democratic ticket.

Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet appointments shocked and startled the people in the Northern and Western States. The appointment of Hoke Smith —an accident, in the fullest sense of the word—as Secretary of the Interior, was a bitter disappointment to the soldier sentiment of the country, and Smith administration of the office has driven every Union soldier Democrat in the country back into the Republican party. He has edited the Pension bureau on horseback, in buff-colored leggings, and has managed to become the most uniformly cussed man in public life.

The list might be extended to include Gresham, who up to the eventful hour when he took the oath of office as Secretary of State, the ranking Cabinet appointment, was a Republican.

And Secretary Carlisle's administration of the Treasury Department has enraged and disgusted the business sentiment of the country. The silver people charge him with treachery and the business people characterize his administration as weak, vascilating and cowardly. Add to this the general distrust of Democratic legislation the revision of the tariff, and no one should be at a loss to account for the Republican tidal wave that swept over New York. New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio and Iowa. The possible exception is New Jersey—Democratic, godless New Jersey. For ten years that little State has been dominatad by a ring of gamblers—corrupt scoundrels who ruled the people with a rod of iron and disgraced the State. Idle mills and unemployed labor helped the revolt against the Democratic machine. Virtue was triumphant and the State is freed from a curse that threatened the extinction of decency and morality within its borders. Massachusetts the birthplace of the

CLEVELAND MUGWUMPS

gave the largest Republican majority since the election of Abraham Lincoln. Idle mills, and factories and starving working people did the work in Massachusetts. They didn't know what Democratic tariff reform meant when they voted for Cleveland a short year ago. They were eager to rectify the mistake, and on election day they made a grand rush for the polls and voted from "dewy morn till dusky eve."

In Ohio the issue was squarely joined between

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

McKinley, the Republican candidate for Governor, is the author of the present bill, known as "the McKinley tariff" bill. The Democratic candidate, Neal, is the author of the tariff reform plank in the Chicago platform. The McKinley tariff and the Democratic platform tariff is as wide apart as the poles. It was protection against free trade. There was no side issues or local causes to influence the result. McKinley swept the State by 85,000 majority—the largest Republican majority the State has given since the historical election during the war, when Brough beat Vallandingham 100,000 votes.

So popular, able and patriotic a man as

BOIES OF IOWA

a prospective presidential democratic candidate, twice elected Governor of Iowa, was avalanched into everlasting political obscurity. Public sentiment in Iowa was in harmony with the public sentiment of this country in its irreconcilable condemnation of the Cleveland administration. In these great wealth-producing States—every State an industrial empire—it was not merely revolt against Democratic methods, but an irrepressible revolution against anticipated legislation, which to them means irretrivable disaster.

MACHINE POLITICS.

But our immediate concern is with the New York election. There is to be found an object lesson which "the machine" in North Carolina will do well to heed. It has taken the people in New York ten years to overthrow the machine in that State. They have struggled against almost insuperable odds for honest elections, and on Tuesday last they realized the triumphant culmination of three years of zeal and effort. The great demands of the hour is honest elections—a free ballot and a fair count. A people who submit to ballot box debauchery, who acquiesce in dishonest election methods, are little better than serfs and disgrace the name of citizenship. Public sentiment in the south is ripening for just such a revolution as rescued the State of New York from the clutches of the machine. It exerted an insolent, audacious tyranical power. It was the rule of the bully, the "boss," the criminal. It was mad, drunk with the intoxication of unbridled success and consequently its ears were closed to the voice of the experience of ages. Will the little "bosses" in North Carolina heed the admonition? Or shall history repeal itself? QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE, PRIUS DEMENTAT! JONATAN EDWARDS.

WHAT THE VOTE IN VIRGINIA MEANS.

The Way the Gold Bugs Interpret It—They Say It Was A Gold Bug Victory.

[Charlotte Observer.]

The vote in Virginia gives a denial to the assertion that the Southern States would not endorse Cleveland's policy on silver.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The result in Virginia shows that Senator Daniel and other Southern Senators were mistaken when they claimed that the South was for free coinage of silver.

[New York World.]

In the Virginia campaign the silver question was the leading issue. The whole country was looking to the vote there to see if the Southern people would endorse the policy of Cleveland's administration. Senator Daniel's silver views have been condemned and Cleveland has been sustained.

[Atlanta Journal.]

Thirty thousand majority for O'Ferral is the answer the Democrats of Virginia have made to the assaults on the administration.

[How does Senator Daniel feel? He allowed himself to be used as a cat's paw. He has asked his friends to vote to condemn his position and to endorse those whom he said were the agents of the English conspiracy and the enemies of the people.—Ed.]

Poor old Virginia! The State that has always declared for free silver, has bowed its neck to Cleveland, bit the dust and set up the gold bug idol.

Less foot ball and more learning would be an improvement, if our college Presidents could get hold of the idea.

$100. REWARD, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toiledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A GREAT SPEECH.

THE KEYNOTE TO THE POPULIST CAMPAIGN—REFORMS MUST COME FROM THE COMMON PEOPLE.

PUBLIC INSTRUMENTS MUST BE NATIONALIZED—THE PEOPLE MUST OWN AND OPERATE THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

We Must Have National System of Finance not a Bank System.—The Next Govenor of Iowa Talks for the—

People and Strikes Some Heavy Blows at the Old Parties.

(Continued from last issue.)

Let us try to illustrate by example what is meant by confidence, and find out if we can what class of people are interested in having so much confidence and so little money. Suppose that five citizens of this place determine to start a banking business. They have a thousand dollars apiece in cash, but this "free banking system" that we are told is the best in the world, requires a capital of $50,000. No less amount is permitted by the law. These five citizens go to a loan and trust company, borrow $10,000 apiece on mortgage security, buy $50,000 in government bonds, deposit them wihth the comptroller of the currency as security and have issued to them $45,000 in currency. The bank is opened, and we will suppose the first act is to pay their debt to the trust company. This will take every dollar of their funds, and if the trust company is at the money center where such institutions congregate, all of the new issue will go to that center. The bank is ready to receive qeposits. These five men are good citizens, they are wealthy, they have the confidence of their neighbors And now Mr. Smith calls and leaves on deposit $10,000. This ss all the money in the bank and all we need for this illustration. Fifteen per cent of this deposit is set aside for a reserve fund and the balance $8,500 is loaned to Mr. Mathew at 10 per cent with good security. Mr. Mathew pays a debt with it. and the check, for there has been no money actually paid out, is returned and placed on deposit. Fifteen per cent is again set aside and the balance loaned to Mr. Mark. It is again returned to the bank, again clipped for the reserve fund and the balance loaned to Luke; in due time and through the same process John gets the balance. Now Mathew, Mark, Luke and John have all been "accommodated," they put up their notes with good security, and so this credit, for no money has been used, passes around until al the twelve apstles have been "accommodated." And now let us take a look at the books of the bank. They show a line of deposits footing up $60,000. Loans at 10 per cent to the twelve amounting to $50,000 and $10,000 cash on hand. At the end of the year, the public will have paid the bank $3,000 in gold as interest on the bonds deposited at Washington and the twelve citizens will have paid $5,000 as iterest on their notes. Now how much capital had these bankers invested in the business? Only $1,000 apiece. That was all the money they had, All the balance was credit, confidence. The bonds were paper credits, the currency, was credits, the loans to the twelve were credits, mere book accounts. No money was necessarily used in the whole transaction from start to finish, That is not all about this "best system in the world," $9,000 of the $10,000 has been by force of law absorbed by the reserve fund and cannot be loaned to anybody. It is absolutely dead as a medium of exchange. There is no legal way of putting it into circulation till some depositor chooses to draw it out. Suppose Mr. Smith the first depositor draws his money $10,000. This leaves the balance $50,000 of deposits uncovered, absolutely without a dollar of specfic redemption fund; its sole foundation is the secured notes of the twelve. When they are paid the bank could wind up, pay all deposits and have $8,000 profits from the sale of credit, confidence. Whose credit was this, the bank's? Impossible. The bank had nothing upon which to base credit. The twelve have paid $5,000 for the use of confidence that had no other real basis than their own property. The credit was their own in all justice. Could they have rendered the credit of their property current, as the government permitted the five bankers to do they could have saved the $5,000 for themselves. Here is precisely where the enormous burden of debt arises. Here is the secret of the "confidence" the game that robs industry all around the world. It consists in taking through legal form and barbarous customs, by small and privileged class, the credit of the people, then selling it back to them at the price of real capital to be used as a medium of exchange, as money.

THE SYSTEM IS WRONG.

On the 23rd of last August Mr. Hepburn, in congress, said:

"The distingushed gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Harter) a few days ago gave the true key to the whole difficulty. extolling the beneficient action of the banks he told us that we had $24 per capita of money furnished by the government, but the banks by their processes and their methods had enlarged that volume until there was $72 per capita in circulation among the people. $24 of it was cash capital en which buines was done—it was supplied by the government; $48 of the $72 per capita was the credit supplied by the banks—the debts of the bank, and on which they were doing business. The want of confidence is not in the money of the government, it is in this substitute for money furnished by the banks. There is where the trouble is, gentlemen, not with the treasury notes."

Now, fellow citizens, is this problem a difficult one? Stripped of all sophistry, of all fiction, and presented in the light of the naked truth, anybody can understand it. The small class that for two hundred years has sold credit to industry as a tool of commerce, would have us believe that they are not only the salt of the earth, but that they are public benefactors. Dean Swift said: "He who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a public benefactor." But he who floats eight volumes of credit to one of money and takes all the benefits for himself is surely not a public benefactor. Two hundred years ago the Bank of England was established, and the plan of issuing four volumes of paper money to one volume of metal money held as a redemption fund was put in operation. This enabled the banker to reap four harvests where he had sown but one. Credit as a tool of commerce upon the accepted theory of banking is four times cheaper than money. This is the reason that it has taken the place of money to the extent of more than 90 per cent of all commercial transactions. If this system was sound and the public had the benefit of it there would be no ground of complaint, but it lacks both these elements, soundness and fairness. A stream cannot rise higher than its source, no more can a sound credit be broader than its base. Yet within six months by their own reports to the government, the banks in the United States were floating $4,000,000,000 of credit, upon less than $500,000,000 of money as a reserve fund. Eight volumes of credit to one of money. The system is top heavy, like a child's top it stands upright while rapidly moving, but tumbles over with the slightest obstruction. This system is wrong in both theory and practice. Everybody knows that gold and silver taken together are totally inadequate as a medium of exchange. Necessity compels the use of paper money. The only practical question is this: Who shall provide the paper money and who shall have the benefits of cheapness?

WHAT PLAN IS THE BETTER?

We are, as citizens of all parties, substantially agreed that the government shall provide this form of credit. But how? Shall the nation deal directly with the citizen and furnish this tool as cheeply as may be, thus giving him the benefit, or shall the nation furnish the currency at cost, as it now does to 3,500 corporations, and permit them by the law, as it now does, to sell the currency to the people at five to ten times its cost? Just here, one of those myths is injected into the disscussion and our adversaries quit the geld of fact and enter that of fiction. They throw facts to the dogs and become prophets of the future. We are told that credit money, paper money, must stand upon and be redeemable in gold and silver, in order to be sound. Let me ask upon what basis does the four thousand million of bank credit stand? If they had all the gold in the nation it would only support one-eighth of the mountain; seven-eights would from necessity stand upon the property of the people. If the people supply the bases, the security, why should they not have the benefit of the credit? And if four thousand million credit is required to float commeree, why should not the people, through the government, provide this instrument themselves. As the greater always includes the lesser, so would this broader plan include all the precious metals more fully than the system we now have.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS AND COMMENT.

The Hawaiian Muddle.

It will be remembered that last spring during Harrison's adminlstration, that Minister John L. Stevens took sides with the insurgent forces against the Hawaiian government, whereupon Queen Lilinokalani abdicated her throne and came to the United States to lay her case before the President. In the meantime Cleveland was inaugurated. He sent ex-congressman Blount, of Georgia, as a special representative of the United States to investigate the matter. In the meantime a provisional goverment was set up in Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, with S. B. Dole as President. Minister Blount has made his report and on it the President and Secretary Gresham has decided that Minister Stevens was wrong, in that the queen should be restored to her throne. The idea of President Harrison and his Minister was to set up a Republican form of government there and annex it to the U. S. government. While THE CAUCASIAN favors a Republican form of government and hopes to see all the world sooner or later come to that form of government, yet if the queen was wrongfully dethroned and against the wishes of the citizens of her realm, then we think that the U. S. government should see the wrong undone and then be hands off. But there are two sides to this question and we are not sure but that the President is right. We will wait to hear from both sides.

Mr. R. H. Battle for the Judgeship.

A delegation from this State are now in Washington, D. C., urging the Attorney General and the President to appoint Mr. Battle to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Bond.

A Revolution in Mexico.

The famous Gen. Juan Cortina has headed a revolution in Mexico against the government. President Diaz has ordered out his forces to put down the rebellion. Several fights have already occurred.

Dr. H. M. Tupper, founder and president of Shaw University for colored people at Raleigh, died in Raleigh last Monday. He was a northern man by birth, from Mass. He came to this State just after the war. Brights disease the cause of his death.

Hoke Smith is down in Georgia representing the bond holders of the G. S. & W. F. R. R. in their petition for foreclosure. Hoke as usual on the side of the bond holder.

A big fire in Memphis, Tenn., on last Sunday, destroying a million dollars worth of property. Several lives were lost.

"THE ONLY MENACE."

The Poor Old Campaign Tariff not in it Any More.

A financial condition which is the ONLY MENACE to the country's welfare and prosperity.—Grover Cleveland, June 5th, 1893. tf

BENNY BUNN GOES TO THE WHITE HOUSE

Continued from first page.

with one of his friends here who, it is thought, got his information from the Attorney General, the railroad and trust representative in Cleveland's Cabinet. It is not a likely story, but, if true, it is not likely that Mr. Ransom would decline it.

BRUTUS WAS AN HONORABLE MAN.

Surprise is expressed by some at the re-appointment of Silas and Simmons, but it was a very natural thing for Mr. Cleveland to do. He is a stubborn man and with a great many people stubbornness and honesty mean the same thing. In taking the action he did in this matter he defied all decency and precedent, for both the appointees were undergoing impeachment before the Senate, and affirmative action in their behalf was not due to the fullest consideration and investigation. Influenced by a nice sense of honor the nominations should have died with the adjournment of congress. Instances of this kind subject Mr. Cleveland's honesty to censure and comparsion.

History obtrudes itself and shows Mr. Cleveland the beneficiary of the most corrupt politics that has ever disgraced American history.

He took the Presidency obtained for him by a colossal debauching of the ballot boxes in the Southern States.

Without protest, he saw, Maynard, the ballot box thief, steal a legislature and receive as his reward from a Democratic Governor an appointment to the bench of the highest court in New York State.

He has seen Hill and Murphy in the United States Senate as the result of this steal, but never a dissent has escaped his lips.

The ballot box stuffers who elected a Democratic Governor in New Jersey and who were arrested, tried and and imprisoned, he saw, without protest or dissent, these criminals released by the man who had profited by their crime.

He pardoned the meanest criminal in Cincinnati, "Mike" Mullen, at whose dictation hundreds of voters were jailed on election day to keep them from voting the Republican ticket, in order that the Democrats might appoint him to office before the smell of the penitentiary was off his garments.

In the light of such history as this Mr. Cleveland's honesty bears a Brutus-like suspicion. It at least suggests a question of the prominent morality over the common herd. It is pleasant to look up to the ruler of a great people as an exemplar, but the brutal facts in politics are remorseless in their destruction of popular delusions.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

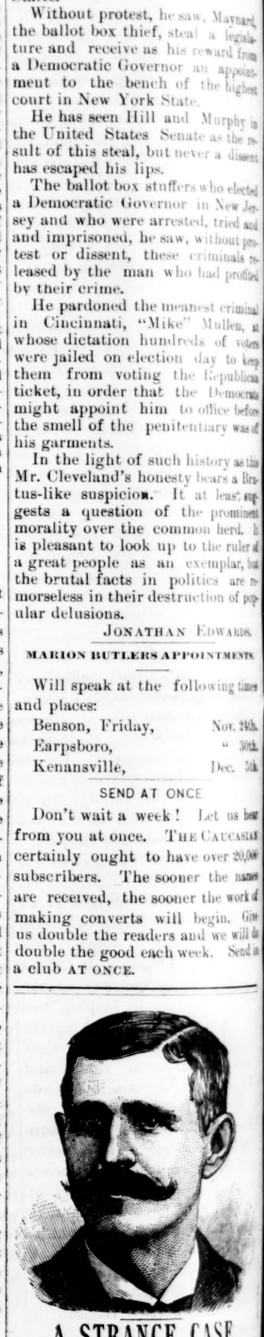
MARION BUTLERS APPOINTMENTS.

Will speak at the following times and places:

Benson, Friday,	Nov. 24th.
Earpsboro,	" 30th.
Kenansville,	Dec. 5th.

SEND AT ONCE.

Don't wait a week! Let us hear from you at once. THE CAUCASIAN certainly ought to have over 20,000 subscribers. The sooner the names are received, the sooner the work of making converts will begin. Give us double the readers and we will double the good each week. Send in a club AT ONCE.



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possesion of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around the waist, together with an indescribable gnawing in my stomach. Physicians said I was creeping paralysis, from which I must succumb to their universal conclusion, incurable. No relief. Once it fastens upon a person, it is, say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been ailing for a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured it, got le and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained 20 pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation, and it has been as satisfactory in these cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine for sale by druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold by All Druggists. aug. 10-6m

FREE AS AIR

A trial package of the Best Remedy in the world for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Write to-day. It will be sent free postpaid. Address, EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., Box T 29 Park Row, New York.

Mention THE CAUCASIAN.

junel-3mos-eow-2p

Reward Offered.

I will pay in cash, $25.00 for the arrest of W. Elliott Taylor, who stole my mule and cart on the 16th of October. Taylor is about 26 years of age, will weigh about 135 pounds, has black hair, dark mustache, dark brown eyes, and is low in stature.

G. W. HOWARD,
Hallsville, N. C.

Nov. 16-2t—2p.

THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., NOV. 16, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

WATCH FOR THE BLUE CROSS

A blue cross opposite your name means that your subscription will expire before the end of the month; and if you desire the paper go to you any longer you must send in your renewal by that time. The low price of the paper makes it JUST OUT OF THE QUESTION to send it longer than it is paid for. Be governed accordingly.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

G. W. Howard—Reward offered.

H. M. Sheer & Bro.—Peerless Hatcher.

☞We wish to request our readers when writing to any of the above companies to say that you saw the advertisement in THE CAUCASIAN.

Mr. P. M. Pearsall, of Trenton, who has been elected general counsel for the A. & N. C. railroad has moved to New Berne.

We hear it stated, but we do not vouch for the rumor, that William Stafford of Johnston County, killed his wife a few days ago, by poisoning her.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. T. R. Parker of the Fork Township has been sick for a couple of weeks, but pleased to learn that he is on the mend now.

Rev. D. B. Clayton of Columbia, S. C, of the Universalist denomination will preach a series of sermons in the Opera House in this city, commencing next Monday night.

There was quantities of cotton on the market yesterday, but the price had nothing to do with it being here we presume, for there is no improvement in the prices, about 7 to 7¼ it takes it.

Gov. Carr has issued his proclamation setting apart Thursday the 30th of November inst as a day of public thanksgiving and praise to God and requests the people of the State to observe the day in a suitable manner.

We learn there was a cutting, followed by a knocking on the head, affair at Mr. Albert Williams' shop in Indian Springs township last Saturday. Mr. Grainger Rhodes cut Veney Outlaw and Outlaw knocked Rhodes on the head. It is feared that Rhodes will die. Whiskey, as usual, was at the bottom of it no doubt.

Some thief took the advantage of Mr. *Rufus* Ham, a merchant on the corner of John and Boundary St. in this city, while he was waiting on his customers in his store on Saturday night last and stole his coop containing all the chickens he had. It was a bold piece of stealing. There is a street lamp which was burning at the time within 30 or 40 feet of where the coop was. He found the coop next morning in an alleyway near by, but the chickens were gone.

In last issue we promised to send a copy of THE CAUCASIAN this week to every subscriber who had let his time expire without renewal, but being pushed with other work we find it inconvenient to mail a copy of this weeks issue to all. We will therefore mail only to a portion of them this week and will continue from week to week until each shall have received a copy. We hope every one who has been a subscriber will again become one by sending $1.00 for a year or 50 cts for six months at least. It is necessary that the paper should be read by every friend of reform in the State.

We are accused of being a chronic grumbler and have to bear that blame anyhow, so let's do a little more of it. We will begin right at home. In these hard times when everybody put to their wits' end to keep bucks and togue together, with one-half of the population out of work and the other half getting not more than half pay for their labor; with the purchasing power of the dollar raised to such a hight as to be out of reach of those who have to purchase it with their muscle and the products of their muscle, there are a favored few living in luxury and drawing their pay from the taxpayers of this tax-ridden country. Teachers and superintendents of graded schools, for instance, drawing from one to two thousand dollars per session of from six to nine months; Mayors of one-horce cities with stated salaries and the right to increase their salary by way of fines until their office pays better than a judge of the Superior Court; chiefs of police and town clerks in the same category. Is there any reason why the poor laboring man has become restless? We will have something more to say along this line after a while, and especially on the subject of the danger of allowing a judicial officer's love of the filthy lucre influencing him as to whether he shall say "GUILTY" or "NOT GUILTY" to the unfortunate cuss that is before him.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 per year.

The season for marriages draws nigh and many of the boys who have been trying single cussedness are preparing to launch out upon the sea of matrimonial bliss. Some have already done so. The first of the season were Dr. Reb Cobb a Goldsboro boy, but now of Raleigh filling a position as assistant surgeon in the N. C. Insane Asylum, and Mr. J. E. Robinson Editor of the Argus. The former carries off Miss Georgia Borden, daughter of Capt. W. H. Borden of this city, and the latter Miss Ada Humphry, daughter of the late Col. L. W. Humphry also of this city—and yesterday was the day. We wish each of the happy couples a long life of happiness with no clouds to mar &c. or words to that effect.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ANOTHER INDIGNATION MEETING--DON'T MISS IT.

Is it not about time for the people of Goldsboro to hold another indignation meeting? Last Fall when Major Grant, J. F. Dobson and others went down into Little Washington to consult with the colored brother about politics, a certain set in this town raised a terrible howl about it and said all decent people should condemn it, and further, tried to insult every man that was seen or known to be consulting with a colored man about how he should vote in the approaching election, provided he was not working in the interest of the Democratic machine. Now Presto-Change! Last Sunday some of these same men who figured in that indignation business was over in Little Washington engaging with that same colored brother in a memorial service over another colored brother. We know the excuse they will give for being THAR, but we will wait and let them give it, after which we will make a few remarks giving the true inwardness of the whole matter.

NOW'S THE TIME TO WORK.

The most important election ever held will occur next year. The crime of 1873 has been re-enacted. The democrats, who have denounced it in the most unmeasured terms for twenty years, have, upon their accession to power, turned right squarely around and put their seal of approval upon it in the most emphatic manner possible, by their votes. It means the end of silver unless the country rebukes the crime by the election of a Populist majority in congress next year. The enemy is firmly intrenched in power. Nothing but a concert of action all along the line will ever dislodge him. Before it can be done millions of converts must be made. There is no way so effective as by the circulation Populist papers. Men will never know what is hurting them till they see our papers. The Demo-Reps will immediately switch them off unto a bogus tariff reform and the federal election laws, and the question of money will soon be lost sight of, unless we keep it at the front.

Right here we want to appeal to every true Populist reader of THE CAUCASIAN to do some work now for the cause. Now while the honest democrats are sore over their betrayal by their representatives is the time to urge them to take the paper. Lend them your copy, get them to read the aricle in this issue about the impossibility of reforming the Democratic party. Lend them books such as "Metallic Money and Hard Times," "Bond Holders and Bread Winners," "The Political Earthquake," "Seven Financial Conspiracies," "Ten Men of Money Island" and "Points for Thinkers." Any one of the above named books is an eye opener. and read in connection with THE CAUCASIAN ought to make a Populist out of any honest democrat or republican. Tell them they can get the paper from now on all during the next campaign and till the election is over for $1.00 and that it will be worth a $10.00 note. The perpetuity of free government is in the balance. The vote next fall decides whether we will be industrial slaves or free men. Who will help to increase our list to 20,000?

THIS IS A SAMPLE COPY, IF

You are not a subscriber. This paper is run on the cash in advance basis strictly. So if you get one copy or if you get it a year, and you have not subscribed, you may know that some one is having it sent to you. After a while the paper will stop. That will mean that the time paid for has expired. Then we will be glad to have you subscribe yourself.

THE NATIONAL WATCHMAN

Comes to us this week enlarged to 16 pages. Col. N. A. Dunning, the editor, is the man who wrote the financial articles that made the National Economist famous and a power in the land. The Watchman is a National paper and is a credit to the Populist party. Send $1.00 and get it for a year.

A meeting of the citizens of Northampton county met at Jackson, Senator Ransom's home, last week and passed resolutions declaring for free coinage of silver and endorsing and thanking Senator Vance and all those who stood for silver and the people. Senator Ransom was present and spoke, protesting against the resolutions, but they were passed over his head.

POPULIST RALLIES.

ENFIELD, MONROE, AND LUMBERTON.

Large Crowds Everywhere---Disgraceful Democratic Conduct at Monroe---They Refuse A Fair Offer For A Joint Discussion but Resort to Cowardly Conduct to Disturb the Meeting---More Election Frauds.

We spoke at these three places respectively on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week. At Enfield the audience was not large due to bad weather, yet it was a representative audience. There were present three or four hundred. Every one we met was alive to the importance of the fight before us and full of determination. The frauds that disgraced that county last fall will never be tolerated again. Enfield is one of the ring strongholds of the county. The election (?) there was held in one of those dark hole "bull pens" erected for the purpose of stealing in. And we are informed that more than one voter saw one of the judges of the election there, manipulating the votes. Our informant tells us that he saw this sworn officer take a vote, put it in his side coat pocket and take out votes from another pocket. If this is denied, we are ready to give our authority and to name the judge of the election. We were also informed of crookedness in Roseneath and Tillery townships. In short, the county is rotten and the good people ard determined to purge it.

MONROE.

We spoke Thursday to a very large audience. The court house is one of largest in the State. The floor, the galleries and the bar were packed. We offered to divide time with Mr. Covington or any member of the bar who might want to present the other side, so the people might hear and decide for themselves. But instead of accepting our offer certain Democrats resorted to a sneaking and cowardly efforts to break up the meeting. Two men (not boys) got in the loft of the court house over the ventilator and sifted down ground red pepper into the eyes and nostrils of the audience. The police force must have been into the trick for we are told they were promptly on hand to arrest (?) the men who did the dirty cowardly work, so as to protect them from being punished at once. After this disturbance was over we continued to address the audience for two hours. The meeting was made up of the leading men from every township in the county, and their earnestness shows that Union county will be redeemed to the people at the next election. There will be a fair election in that county, for the people have resolved to have it. When we were on our way to the depot that night, some one, we presume the same scoundrels who threw the pepper into the court house, threw rotten eggs at the bus that we were in. We denounced them publicly that morning as cowardly curs; we suppose this is the way they had of taking their revenge, and to prove at the same time that we had branded them right when we denounced them. Of course, every decent man in Monroe regrets and denounces their actions, for any man who approves of it is a disgrace to the town and as mean as the perpetrators of the deed. But we are satisfied that there are several men in that town who are behind that dirty, cowardly and contemptible conduct. When Populists go to a meeting they behave themselves like gentlemen.

LUMBERTON.

At this place we had another large audience, but not so large as at Monroe. We again offered to divide time, but no one could be found to champion the cause of the Democratic party. We discussed the issues of the day, pictured the situation and laid the blame when it belongs and the large audience approved.

At all these places we received large additions to the subscription list of THE CAUCASIAN. In fact, the increasing circulation of THE CAUCASIAN is one of the best proofs that it is reaching the hearts and convincing the intellects of the people. Reformers are aroused everywhere and the Populists party is steadily gaining ground.

THE NEXT CONGRESS

Will meet two weeks from to-day, No session will ever be watched with more interest. The result of the next campaign depends largely upon what they do and fail to do. Every man who intends to vote next year should follow the proceedings closely. Get your neighbor to subscribe for THE CAUCASIAN before the body meets so he may keep posted. There is no better Washington correspondent in America than Jonathan Edwards, our special correspondent, who will be on the ground watching every move. Let every one of our friends get up a club for THE CAUCASIAN at once. Get every one to take it for a year. Only $1.00 from now till the result of the next election is announced. If you are a reformer and want to help the cause, there is no cheaper or surer way to do it. Put the ball in motion.

AN INVITATION TO YOU.

If you get a sample copy of THE CAUCASIAN this week, it is an invitation to you to subscribe. Send us $1.00 at once and get the paper till next fall after the election is over. If you don't agree with us in politics, so much the more should you read THE CAUCASIAN, so you will be intelligently informed on all sides.

GOOD ADVICE FROM AN UNFRIENDLY SOURCE.

The old line politicians who are trying to make the people satisfied with the hard times has been offering some good advice. They say "make every thing you need, stay at home and eat and wear it and you will be alright." This is good advice, but it was given to convince the farmers that if they would follow this course they would have nothing to grumble about. We want to say to the farmers that the best thing that they can do is to follow this course, not because it is right that they should live this way, but because it is necessary That is, it is necessary as long as present conditions continue to exist. But no patriot will ever submit to such a course without striving with all of his might to change it. This advice requires the farmers to step out of the line of progress, to refuse to avail themselves of the industrial improvements of the nineteenth century, turn back the wheels of civilization three thousand years, become a hermit and have nothing to do with the outside world. If he will follow this course, it is true that he can stay at home and eat and wear what he makes, and not be effected by panic or low prices. As it is now, if a farmer makes something to sell, puts it into money, and then takes the money to buy the products of somebody else's labor he gets worsted, he does not get value received for his, nor does the laborer at the other end of the line fare any better, the profit is gobbled up between the two. Those who control the instruments of commerce—money and transportation stand between the wealth producers, and get a large share of the profits of their labors.

Here we have a rich country, made rich by wealth producers, and yet the men who have created the wealth are to-day poor, growing poorer. They have made themselves poor by coming in contact with the instruments of commerce—the agencies of civilization. These wealth producers to-day must follow the advice of the politicians, for if they dare to come in contact with commerce they are robbed by the agencies of commerce. So under these conditions we say let us buy as little as possible until money can be issued in sufficient quantities to do the business of the country, and be controlled in a manner so as to give every wealth producer an equal showing with the other citizens of the country, also until the highways of commerce, (that are now held by greedy corporations) are run at cost, without discrimination, in the interest of the people. When that is done, then the farmers can make that which he can produce best, turn it into money and buy the products of another man's labor who can produce another article better than he can. This we could do now if soulless corporations did not stand between the wealth producers of the different sections of the country and bleed them coming and going. It is pretty hard to follow the advice of the politicians, but it is about all that is left for us to do, and if we follow it, it will soon teach the country a lesson. In the meantime let us use our votes to have the instruments of commerce controlled in the interest of the people, and then we will show the world how farmers should and can live.

TAKE NOTICE!

Congress met and paid its debt to the gold bugs and then adjourned. When it meets in December for the regular session, the bosses will have a lot of bogus reform legislation cut and dried to pass to try to cover their tracks and for use in the next campaign. There has never been a time when it was more necessary for that body to be watched and its bogus work promptly exposed. Now is the time to see that your neighbor takes the paper so that he will be informed as to the true situation as the fight proceeds. Let every subscriber try to get at least one more of his neighbors to take the paper.

"THE ROUND TABLE"

Is a new paper published at Goldsboro, N. C., under the auspices of the Goldsboro Graded School. Miss Rosa Holt is Managing Editress, and Master Willis Brogden is Local Agent. The following are the appointed editors for the various departments for the first month: Miss Ella Kirby, School News; Miss Lou Hicks, Alumni News; Wm. H. Brogden, Jr., Local News; Dan W. Richardson, Colored School News; Clyde Denmark, School Humor. It is a five-column paper, neat and very creditably edited. Prof. Logan D. Howell, the Superintendent, states the object of the publication to be chiefly for the improvement of the pupils. The work the pupils will do on this paper will be a great help to them in mastering grammar and composition.

Cleveland, the once great civil service reformer, has turned out to be a great boodler and spoilsman.

The President has designated Thursday, Nov. 30th, as Thanksgiving Day. The gold bugs can return thanks to Grover on that day for his services, but the people will return thanks to Jehovah that He allowed them to make wealth even if a dishonest government does go into copartnership with thieves to steal it from them.

Advertise in THE CAUCASIAN if you want to sell your goods.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The People are Watching Intelligently.

MR. EDITOR: — Senator Vance complains that the people did not rally to him and hold up his hands in the late fight in the Senate over silver. The people rallied to silver, to all the friends of silver, but they did not rally to Vance "unconditionally." The people were warming up toward him very much as they did in olden times, when he deserted the fight and agreed to sign that compromise—another and a worse "cow ardly makeshift." In short, he agreed to sacrifice the interests of the people for "party harmony." If Vance is for silver and legislation needed by the people and will fight for it to the last ditch, party or no party, that is keeping the interests of the people above any party, then the people will rally to him and hold up his hands. But if Vance does as Senator Daniel has done in Virginia, vote for silver himself, and then go out and advise the people to vote for a gold bug and to endorse the financial policy of Cleveland, then they will not endorse him. Men and parties that follow such methods of expediency will forfeit the confidence and support of the people. The people have reached that point where they care nothing for a party that does not give them justice. As we see it to-day Vance has one foot with the people (with some mental reservation), and the other on party expediencey wherever that may carry him. Ransom has both feet in the gold bug camp. And the "negro in the wood-pile" is invited to come out and vote the Democratic ticket.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Wilkesboro, N. C., Nov. 7th, '93.

Campaign Promises.

REIDSVILLE, N. C. Nov. 19, '93.

MR. EDITOR.—The article in your last issue telling what Glenn and other Democratic speakers said during the last campaign, when they promised the people everything, reminds me of the speech which you made here in reply to Mr. Glenn. You showed the people that the Chicago platform was written with two faces, you called the attention to one face as represented by Mr. Glenn and then you read extracts from Democratic speeches north to show the other face. You told the people that those who voted for the Democratic party south would expect one thing and those who voted for it north would expect another. You also said that if the party got in power that the people north would not be fooled but that it would be the people south who would get fooled. You plead to the southern people who wanted more money and less taxes not to put themselves into the hands of their enemies. You told them that the party of Jackson and Jefferson had been sold out to the goldbugs and monopolists and that it was now being used to oppress the people. You begged the people not to whet a knife to cut their own throats, but to join hands with the people of the great wealth-producing west under the Populist banner and re-establish the principles of true Democracy. A majority of the people did not see it then, but they do now. Time is developing every statement of yours on the stump like a prophecy. Thousands who thought you were wrong last fall, admired your courage to stand up and advocate so earnestly what you believed against such opposition; but there are thousands now who see you were right and will have to praise you for your patriotism as well as your courage. REX.

SECRETRAY BARNES ANSWERS.

He Says That He Sent The Resolutions To Senator Vance---Will the Senator Explain?

Our readers will remember that Senator Vance in his speech at the Raleigh Fair said that he had heard nothing from the farmers about his action on the silver question. THE CAUCASIAN at once inquired if the State Secretary of the N. C. Farmers' State Alliance had sent the resolutions passed by the State Alliance last August. The following is Capt. Barnes' answer:

Secretary's Office,
N. C. Farmers' State Alliance,
Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 5, 1893.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—In your last week's issue you wished to know of the Secretary of the State Alliance if he had forwarded the resolutions passed by the State Alliance at its last session in Greensboro to Senator Vance, commending him for his stand on the silver question.

In answer I will say that I forwarded to Senator Vance and to every other member of congress from North Carolina a copy of the resolutions the latter part of August or first of September. From Representatives Alexander, Grady, Woodard and Henderson I received an acknowledgement, but from Senaters Vance and Ransom and the remainder of members from this State no answer. The day after the speech of Senator Vance in Raleigh, Oct. 17th, I forwaided him a second copy of the resolutions and asked him to let me know if he received the copy of resolutions sent him in August or September. He answered acknowledging receipt of resolutions of 18th but gave no answer in regard to first set sent him.

Yours truly and fraternally,
W. S. BARNES, Sec.-Treas.

AUGUSTA EXPOSITION.

The Augusta, Georgia, Exposition opened Tuesday. Some of the exhibits from the World's Fair are there. Many of the side shows of the Midway Plaisance are there also. Fifty thousand people were present the first day.

TAKE IT.

No one need ever fear to take THE CAUCASIAN from the office. You will never get a bill for it. If it is sent to you, take it and read it, somebody has paid for it for you. THE CAUCASIAN is strictly cash in advance, and when the time paid for expires the paper will stop.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

"Many talk about woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life, a death or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

A word to our friends of the gentle sex: We are trying to make this department of especial interest to you. But we are ready to open a space for your own use. If there is any question about your domestic economy or other matters of interest to you and the sex that you would like to ask we would be glad to have you do so through our columns. It is more than probable that some reader of the paper knows what another would like to know; use this column if you so desire to exchange experiences and to ask each other questions. You can make this department very interesting and instrctive. Let us hear from you. Very truly.

THE EDITOR.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION ANWERED.

How shall a woman make her husband her friend?

There is one indispensable quality of a happy friendship that many women neglect—interest. Assume that the wife has her husband's respect, assume, further, that she makes him comfortable (a matter of vast importance), all the same, the poor fellow, when home, may be bored to death. The house is delightful, the dinner has aroused all his virtuous instincts by its excellence: Madame, his wife, possessor of all the virtues, looks very pretty over her embroidery; but—but—after she has told him about the baby's stretching out its little arms, and Tommy's wonderful cleverness in the kindergarten and the stupidity of Emma, the waitress, and the "perfectly awful way" the new furnace consumes coal, there falls a pause like a wet blanket. He cannot spend a whole evening over the newspapers, even the folios that we so name. Madame does not care a rap for politics, she does not understand business (and after certain memorable efforts to enlighten her, he feels that he does not want the martyr's crown enough to continue her financial education), she is not fond of games, and he is not fond of books, so, after a while, he kisses her, and goes off down "town" on business—at the club.

How many women hate that impersonal rival and, in their minds, teacher of all the small vices—the club. They honestly believe that if their particular naturally virtuous Tom, Dick or Harry were not lured away by that detestable club, he would spend every evening in the week at home. It is in vain to point out to such women that some of the most devoted husbands belong to clubs, or that, in general, the respectable clubs distinctly discourage high play; or that innumerable times they take the burden of hopitality off her shoulders. She is sure that all clubs are wicked; the only distiction is that some clubs are wickeder than others.

In small towns and the country where men can't get to a club they find some other way to amuse themselves if this home is not interesting.

Our National Nut.

If we must have a national flower, why may we not have a national nut? Much that is claimed for the beauty and sentiment of the flower may be said in favor of the nut also, with the added value of the latter's utility and commercial importance. And if we may possess a national nut, will not the ubiquitous peanut be the first, the universal, the only choice? Is it not always with us?—knowing no market season and restricted to a commercial locality, appealing to childish palates in the Christmas taffy, assisting in manifestations of patriotism when fresh roasted on Fourth of July, or salted and daintily served golden shells at the luncheons of the "four hundrad"! Perish the mortal who regards the peanut as too vulgar for refined nature's daily food. Such a one is heartlessly stifling childish memories of peanut feasts and peanut dolls, and deserves to dwell in a land—if such can be found—that knoweth the peanut not.

It is true that hundreds, and even thousands, of Italian counts emigrate to America and then pile up Italian fortunes from their profits on the sale of the hot, odorous, and unctuous nuts; but it is untrue that these aliens are the only class benefited. The cultivation of the nut is a home industry that is becoming the main source of revenue to the farmers in certain districts of the South and Southwest that have been left behind in the march of material progress. This is the practical side. In æsthetics, the dried and varnished branches of the vines with the pendent pods from curios equaling in value and interest those sprays of cotton bolls that are universal souvenirs of southern travel. Unlike the cotton plant, the peanut vine is is a rare object in parlor decoration; and a wide field stretches before the daring innovator. The nuts are easily gilded, and have the same artistic rank as clothes-pins, flat-irons, or sauce-pans. After carefully weighing all these reasons, will not a verdict be rendered for the peanut as our "national nut"?—From "Our National Nut," in Demorest's Family Magazine for November.

POLK MONUMENT.

LET EVERY REFORMER CONTRIBUTE TO BUILD IT.

Take Up Collections at Every Meeting.

THE CAUCASIAN'S fund for the monument now stands as follows:

Collected at State meeting, 1893,	$35.95
Am't received before that time,	30.50
D, W. Lindsay,	.50
THE CAUCASICN,	10.00
Westville Alliance	2.00
Gum Neck Alliance	3.00
Lucoma Alliance, No. 1031	2.00
Iredell Alliance,	5.00

We will publish in this column each week the contributions sent in.

In addition to our contribution of $10, we will out of every club of ten cash subscribers sent in at one time, we will place one dollar to this fund and give the sender of the club credit for same. [tf.]

WOMEN ARE QUICK to appreciate a good thing. Every good housekeeper has longed for some NEW shortening, better and more healthful than has heretofore been known. COTTOLENE fills this long felt want, and this explains why when once used all good cooks continue to use COTTOLENE.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

BLAINES HANDY MANUAL OF USE-ful information and Atlas of the World is a book just issued from the press, over 500 pages and One Million Facts worth knowing. Better than a year's schooling for the boys and girls No one can afford to be without this volume of information. Postpaid by mail for 30c, in coin, (securely wrapped) or postal note. Address all orders to J. E. RUE, P. O. Box 4, Littleton, N. C.
Nov. 16–4t.

STOLEN.

One W. E. Taylor took from my place at Hallsville, Duplin county, N. C., on the 16th of Oct., a small light bay mule and cart. The mule has a white patch of hair on each side of the back-bone where the saddle works, a few white hairs just back of the ears, has flesh scars underneath he mouth on both sides, and is about six years old. I think the mule was carried to Fayetteville, or thereabouts. Any information leading to the discovery of the mule will be liberally rewarded.

Address,
G. W HOWARD,
Hallsville, N. C.
Nov. 9th–2t—2p.

IMPROVED PEERLESS HATCHER
Record 100 per cent.

169 Chicks out of 169 fertile eggs. Guaranteed absolutely self-regulating and to hatch fully 80 per cent. of fertile eggs, or money refunded. Reasonable in price. Self-regulating Brooders. Send 4 cts. for catalogue, testimonials, etc.
H. M. SHEER & BRO., Quincy, Ill.
Nov. 16–13t—eow.

BRICK.

For sale a large lot of $4.00 Brick, as good as any for inside work. This offer for the month of November only. H. L. GRANT,
Goldsboro Brick and Tile Works.
Nov. 2–1m.

FOR SALE.

A fine chestnut Horse, 8 years old. The one I have been driving for two years. Reason for selling have another and do not wish to keep two. A bargain for some one.

H. L. GRANT,
Nov. 2–1m.] Goldsboro, N. C.

SPEGIFIC REMEDIES.

In order to meet the continued stringency of the times—since people will be sick when money is scarce, as well as when it is plentiful, I have made a Sweeping Reduction in all

Standard Patent Medicines!

I handle all the proprietary Patent Medicines and popular Specifics and am selling the bottles heretofore sold—and now sold elsewhere at $1,

FOR 85 CENTS CASH.

SPICER'S DRUG STORE.
West Centre St.,
Goldsboro, N. C.

☞We also keep everything usually found at a First-class Drug Store. [Nov. 2–tf.

GOING TO BUY

A PIANO OR ORGAN?

Before doing so write to me. It will cost you but a moment of time, and may save you many dollars. Having been in the music business twenty years, I have handled and examined instruments made by almost every factory in the United States, and some from Europe. Even if you do not buy from me I may be able to give you some valuable points. Write me. Yours truly,

J. S. LENNARD,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 26–1y.

REFORM AT THE NORTH.

The Progressive Farmer,

National organ of the F. M. B. A., and leading reform paper of the Corn States, is anxious to talk with our friends in the South. For this purpose it will at present be sent,

Eight Weeks for 10 Cents.

We are now publishing a series of able speeches each of which is worth the money. The North and South must get together.

THE PROG. FARMER,
Mt. Vernon, Illinois.
Oct. 26–tf.

ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

EXCELSIOR, N. C., Nov. 6, '93.

Our County Alliance convened on the 4th inst. Brother Thompson was with us and made us one of his best speeches. Reports from the subs show that we are very much alive in Brunswick.

Yours for reform,
W. S. MILLIKEN, Sec.

LINCOLN COUNTY MEETING.

Dr. Thompson Speaks---Vance Endorsed---The Alliance Growing.

MR. EDITOR:—The Lincoln County Farmers' Alliance convened at the court house in Lincolnton, Oct. 26. There were twelve sub-alliances represented. The reports show an increased membership, with new lodges to be organized at an early date.

The following resolution was offered:

Resolved, That Lincoln County Farmers' Alliance return Hon. Z. B. Vance its thanks for the manly stand he has taken for the free coinage of silver, and an increase in the volume of currency, and beg to assure him that the people, mindful of his services in their behalf in the past, will give him their support and advocacy in all measures to advance their interest.

After going through the regular routine of business the Alliance adjourned till one o'clock, when they re-assembled to hear Dr. Cyrus Thompson deliver one of the most instructive and interesting speeches that we have heard. He just held his audience spell-bound for two and a half hours. Every body seemed to be well pleased and amply paid for their day's work.

M. M. LUTZ, Pres.
J. C. BESS, Sec'ty.

DEMOCRATIC WATERLOO.

The People Will Not be Fooled Again by a Double Faced Platform.

[Sampson Democrat.]

A repeal of the Sherman law unconditionally is a victory for the monometallists, but not a decisive one. The fight has not been waged for or against the Sherman law in itself, but on the great under-lying question of free silver or demonetization of silver. It has been a battle of Democracy against plutocracy, and, mirable dictu, a Democratic congress has by division allowed a principle of plutocracy to triumph. The next campaign will be fought on new and distinct lines, and no platform of double entendre planks will obtain the people's vote under false pretences.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING!

MORGANTON, N. C., Nov. 8, 1893.

ED. CAUCASIAN: Please give space for the following appointments for our county lecturer, Bro. P. W. Patton:

Table Rock, Saturday, Nov. 18, 11 a. m. Oak Forest, Thursday, Nov. 23, 7 p. m. Linville, Saturday, Nov. 25, 11 a. m.

Yours, &c.,
J. R. HOWARD.

IT HAS COME.

"If America adopts our system of finance," said Wm. Pitt in the British parliament just after the close of the Revolution in 1776, "her boasted liberties will be but a phantom."

Our ancestors at the expense of their blood buried the political dominion of King George III, but today we, their decendants with complacecy look upon the kingly monster of goldbugism and submit to its soulless domination. Why do we submit? Simply because this Gold King calls himself a Democrat and urges us to stand by the party, though he controls and owns it.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

Brother J. T. B. Hoover, Assistant Lecturer of the N. C. Farmers' State Alliance, will address the brethren and public generally in Richmond county.

Smyrna, 10 a. m.,	Nov. 21.
Coledonia, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
State Line, 10 a. m.,	" 22.
Brownville, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Gio, 10 a. m.,	" 23.
Hamlet, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Old Hundred, 10 a. m.,	" 24.
Laurel Hill, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Spring Hill, 10 a. m.,	" 25.
Hoffman, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Green Lake, 10 a. m.,	" 27.
Roberdel, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Wolf Pit, 10 a. m.,	" 28.
Zion, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Bostic Sch'l House, 10 a. m.,	" 29.
Fair Ground, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Mountain Creek, 10 a. m.,	" 30.
Jordan Hill, 2:30 p. m.,	" "
Pee Dee, 10 a. m.,	Dec. 1.
Mangum, 2:30 p. m.,	" 1.

Brother Hoover represents the Business Agency and carries samples, &c., to show you. Go and hear facts why you should belong to the Alliance and why you should trade through the Business Agency.

W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.,
N. C. Farmers' State Alliance.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

We take this method of informing our friends and the public generally that we have on hand and will keep a full line of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS SHOES, HATS, TINWARE, CROCKERY, &C.,

All of which we offer at the very LOWEST CASH PRICES.

We will not be undersold by any one. With those who have traded with us we need no further recommendation. Those who have not should get our prices before buying.

A. J. Harrell & Son,
(On Walnut Street, at the Centennial Pump.)
Goldsboro, N. C.
Sept. 28–tf.

CHAPTER XV

"By comparison with electricity steam is a slow-plodding beast. I can head him off, after consultation with a lawyer, my dear."

She said it aloud, as if she would reassure the unresting spirit that was forever goading her to fresh endeavor in the direction of solving the Norcross mystery.

If ever she felt tempted to give over the hopeless task of unearthing her sister's slayer there would come back to her, with reproach in its shadowy eyes, a vision of Amelia, not as she had seen her in the Norcross mansion, ablaze with jewels and flashing in yellow satin, but Amelia in her peculiarly helpless, clinging childhood; Amelia in her pure, happy girlhood; Amelia in her winning, unsullied, budding womanhood; the Amelia whom she had loved and protected before that rash marriage with Sibley Fairbanks, which had been dissolved, as rashly, at the close of three years.

Of that Amelia, and of none other, would she permit herself to think. It was that Amelia who was still appealing to her for help. She raised her arms despairingly.

In all this wide world, full of clear heads, strong arms and tender hearts, there was none to care, not one to help her throw the light of truth upon that dark, dark spot in her memory. Perhaps it had been reserved for Dick to help her. Perhaps the clew had been put into his hands for her guidance.

No one could have had any motive for that dastardly deed but Sibley Fairbanks. Amelia—the beautiful, willful Amelia—had not made him a good wife. She had heard only Mellie's partial statement; but it had been enough.

Sibley Fairbanks had the motive of jealous revenge to steel his arm; and—there was the witness of the seal of the Fairbanks family.

"I will do it, my dear. I will follow this clew to its bitter end. Perhaps then you will rest, and so will I."

Yes, steam is a slow plodding beast, especially when every nerve in one's body is aquiver with impatience.

Sibley Fairbanks, steaming slowly up the river in answer to Ida's telegram, was in just such a feverish state of unrest, until, eagerly running across the clumsy staging that was flung out for his convenience at his own landing, he saw two carriages waiting under the spreading sycamore trees. One was a hackney coach occupied by two white men.

Old Cato stood bareheaded by the horses of the other. His withered black face had beamed a homely welcome to "his boy Sibley" long before the gangway had been adjusted. Sibley had waved his hat cordially in return. It was towards Cato's vehicle that he was hurrying, when a sober face and a massive form were interposed between it and him:

"I am sorry, Mr. Fairbanks, but—you are my prisoner."

He recoiled a step and looked the man amazedly in the face.

"Your prisoner?"

The man extended a folded piece of paper. He declined touching it.

"Who are you?"

"Martin Hastings, sheriff of Dalton."

"But are you not making a mistake, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Not unless the mistake lies in thinking that you are the Sibley Fairbanks herein described."

Again he offered the warrant for perusal. This time Sibley took it and read it, standing there under the old sycamore trees that stretched their gnarly branches protectingly over him, with Cato watching the whole strange scene in throbbing anxiety.

Fairbanks grew ghastly white as he read. The paper trembled in his grasp.

"YOU ARE MY PRISONER."

When he handed it back it fell between him and Sheriff Hastings. He took out his white silk handkerchief and wiped the great beads from his forehead. He was afraid to trust himself to words. At last:

"Does that mean," he asked, huskily, "that I must go with you—go back to New Orleans?"

"It does."

"Do you know what brought me here?"

"You are here to attend your father's funeral. We have thought of that, and are disposed to make it as easy on you as possible. My companion here—my deputy—is entirely unknown in this neighborhood. With your permission he will drive to Glenburnie in the same carriage with you. I would advise you to go quietly. He can pass as a friend who came up with you, you know."

"I suppose you mean to be kind, so I ought to thank you. I do," said Sibley, with mechanical courtesy.

"No call for gratitude; only, you see, there's no use your kicking against the pricks, and there's no use our making it any rougher on you than need be."

"What is my friend's name?" asked Fairbanks, smiling somewhat grimly, as the sheriff beckoned to his companion, a slight, boyish, beardless young man.

"Moore. As gentle as a girl, as long as you walk straight, but Old Nick himself couldn't get away from him." He had caught and misread the wintry smile on Fairbanks' lips.

"I have no desire to try his patience in that direction," said his prisoner, walking haughtily away in the direction of his own carriage. At its steps he paused and courteously turned to the officer of the law, with a regal air:

"Before me, Mr. Moore."

Moore entered the vehicle. Sibley stepped in after him. Old Cato clambered to his perch on the high old-fashioned box, and touched up his horses briskly. It was a grim home-going! What fiction should he invent to account to Ida, the most fastidiously reserved of women, for bringing a strange man home with him to his father's funeral? She would think him a brute.

He was not good at lies. He was sick of shams, and of trying to parry fate's spiteful thrusts. Should he say to her, with blunt truthfulness, that this beardless boy, from whose cassimere trousers-pockets a pair of ugly hand-cuffs were permitted to obtrude, was his keeper?—that he was a prisoner of the law, wanted for the murder of his wife, the little Ninette's mother? He could fancy his high-bred Ida's horror and disgust.

It would not be an easy thing to do. It grew harder even in the bare contemplation of it, as each revolution of the wheels brought him closer to the home whose shelter he had spurned in his hot boyish resentment ten years ago. It grew to the proportions of a ghastly impossibility, as the crunching of the wheels on the graveled drive brought to the open front door of Glenburnie a touchingly helpless group.

Ida, as tall and stately as some pure white Easter lily, Ninette, his own little daughter, all a-flutter with flaunting ribbons and crisp embroideries, clinging to Ida's black draperies, and old Dido, the old mammy who had rocked him to sleep in her withered arms so many, many times in the long ago.

They were waiting for him, watching for him—glad of his home-coming, eager for his home-staying.

He groaned aloud, and dropped his head upon his breast.

"Is that all there is of them?" Moore asked, looking out at the small feminine group.

"That is all."

"No men folks but you?"

"None."

"It's hard lines, no mistake. I wish it wasn't me that had to take you away from them again to-morrow. Hanged if I ever had a rougher job put on me."

"It is creditable to you to feel so. I am obliged to you."

"Oh, as for that, it's natural to suppose that anybody in my line of business is a brute; but if you can think of any way in which I can soften this consistently with my duty, command me."

"I cannot think at all," said Sibley, leaning back among the moth-eaten cushions of the old family coach, with a groan of helpless wretchedness.

"I have it!" said Moore, briskly. "I am a man prospecting for land. You kindly gave me a lift this far. Your man puts you out at the front door and drives away with me. He can hide me somewhere. The day after the—after the—"

"The funeral is set for to-morrow," said Sibley, steadily. "The boat that brought us up returns from Vicksburg to-morrow night. I will be there."

"I will trust you! I never felt surer of a man since I went into the business."

"Thank you."

They were at the front door. Cato drew up with a jerk. Sibley let himself out, and, giving Cato an order in a low tone, turned slowly and hesitatingly towards the little group in the doorway.

Moore's device had given him a respite only—a very short one at that. Ida's arms were about him. Her wet cheek lay against his. Dido's sobs were ringing in his ears. Ninette was standing shyly aloof, looking on with grave wonder at this dismal scene of welcome.

"Auntie!" she spoke presently, sharp, rebuking words, "you said my papa was coming to make us all glad and happy. He has come, and you and mammy Dido do nothing but cry and wipe your eyes on your handkerchiefs. Is that my papa?"

Sibley put Ida away from him and turned towards the small faultfinder. He held out his hands.

"Is that my Ninette? Do you not remember me, child? Have you not the faintest recollection of me? No love at all to give me?"

At each yearning question Ninette shook her small golden head in grave-eyed negation. Then, in rapid crescendo:—

"I remember my Norrie! I remember Uncle John, and Dick, and Rafe, and—and Celeste. But you—never! Auntie Ida said my papa was the most beautiful man in the world. She showed me his picture, and made me kiss it every day, and taught me to pray 'God bless my papa' every night. But you don't look one bit like my papa's picture; not one tiny little speck."

He drew back his suppliant hands.

"Let her be," he said, as Dido whispered a reproach in her pink ear. "Let her continue to worship the unreal father you have all made her acquainted with. Where does our father lie, Ida?"

Ida turned, and, with her hand resting upon his arm, led the way towards the drawing-room, where all that was left of Ames Fairbanks lay in state upon a velvet-draped couch.

Mechanically she gave him all the dreary particulars of those last days. They stood on opposite sides of the still form, scarcely less responsive now than it had been all these years.

"But oh, Sib," she burst forth, sobbingly, "it is awful not to be able to miss him more! I feel as if he had been dead all these years, lying here waiting for sepulture. I am so tired, Sibley, so tired of my loneliness, of my horrible feeling of responsibility for everything, so tired of having no one but Dido and Cato to consult with. Sometimes, but that was before Ninette came, I have wondered how I managed to keep sane. I have envied the negroes in the cabins, because they worked in gangs and sat about their cabin-doors of evenings, in groups, friendly groups, who helped each other to talk and to sing and to laugh."

"My poor, poor little Ida!" He came around to where she stood and folded her tenderly in his arms.

Her eyes grew luminous. It was so sweet to be caressed, to be cared for, to be pitied even by one's very own.

"But it will be difficult now—now that you have come back to live. Oh, Sib, I have wanted you so, all these years! I feel as if a mountain were lifted from my breast. Poor, poor father!"

She turned toward the sheeted face with a passionate gesture of self-reproach. "It sounds as if I were finding fault with him, Sibley; but it's not that—not that; it is the great joy of having you back once more, of knowing that you are here to stay—that a Fairbanks is once more at the helm."

"Let us go into the old school-room and talk, Ida," he said, with sudden brusqueness. "It will be easier there than here." He drew her away with him in the sunny little room in the wing where he and she had spent so many hours of their home school life. Ida smiled as she opened the door.

"It is Ninette's room now. But you do not need to be told that. She pervades the atmosphere."

Through a litter of childish belongings, scattered toys, pictured puzzles, dolls in every stage of dilapidation, they picked their way to a sofa against the wall.

"It is of Ninette I want to talk," said Fairbanks, dropping among the faded cretonne cushions with a heavy sigh; "of Ninette, and of something else."

Dennis Lorimer, owing to a slight mishap to the boat he and Rafe had taken, reached White Cliffs the day after Ames Fairbanks' funeral.

His first evening was given to his mother. The next, all impatience, he started for Glenburnie. There was no one there but old Cato. To his volley of surprised questions the old man gave one answer:

"This note will make it clear, ef anything kin."

The note did not make it clear. It was full of love and full of mystery. It was from Ida, who called him her "dear Dennis" and begged him to forgive her the blow she was compelled to deal him. "Fate," she wrote, "still seems to pursue us with malicious intent. Sibley is in trouble—great trouble. He needs me every moment. I have gone back to New Orleans with him. Until the awful cloud that hangs over him is dissipated, there is no room in my heart, even for you. Oh, Dennis, my love, you will hear it all soon enough. The newspaper vultures are already hovering in sight. They have scented a fresh disgrace to the name of Fairbanks.

"It is all so horribly incomprehensible that I cannot be any clearer. I am groping, myself. The one clear idea that has taken full possession of me is that you will thank God that this blow descended before your name was indissolubly linked with the unfortunate one which I will drag with me, all stained as it is, to my grave.

"Believe one thing, always: I love you. IDA."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NATIONAL CURRENCY THE BEST.

In a speech in the Senate in 1837, John C. Calhoun said:

"It appears to me, after bestowing the best reflection I can give no subject, that no convertible paper—that is, paper whose credit rests on a promise to pay—is suitable for currency. Bank paper is cheap to those who make it, but dear, very dear, to those who use it. On the other hand, a national currency, while it would greatly facilitate its financial operation, would cost nothing or next to nothing, and would, of course, add much to the cost of production, which would give to every branch of our industries great advantages both at home and abroad. And I now undertake to affirm without the least fear I can be answered, that a paper issued by the government, with a simple promise to receive it for all dues would form a perfect paper circulation which could not be abused by the government; that it would be as uniform in value as the metals themselves; and I shall be able to prove that it is within the constitution and powers of congress to use such a paper according to the most rigid rule of construing the constitution." (tf.)

IS HE A TRAITOR?

An Offer to Shake Hands over the Robbing and Oppression of the People.

Mr. Murat Halstead, commenting on the change of Mr. Cleveland since the election, says:

"The President has held out a hand to the Republicans to be shaken on the understanding that if help can be found in the Republican party to carry the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law there will be no hurry to repeal the McKinley law, for after all the 'only menace' of our welfare is not protection or reciprocity, but the paying of gold for silver and the meddlesomeness of the silver cranks?" tf.

DO YOU WANT TWO PAPERS?

We will send you for one year THE CAUCASIAN and any of the following papers for the amount opposite:

Dakota Ruralist,	$1,75.
People's Party Paper,	$1,75.
Iowa Farmers' Tribune,	$1,75.
National Watchman,	$1,40.
Missoura World,	$1,40.
Virginia Sun,	$1,75.

For the above amounts we will send you two papers one year.

Address

THE CAUCASIAN,
Goldsboro, N. C.

The control of trade through the contraction of the currency or by placing it in the hands and power of a few is the analogue of the control of the supply of commodities through the protective tariff. The principle is the same. The man who understandingly favors Cleveland's financial policy is a protectionist at heart. (tf.)

RENEW.

Don't let your subscription expire. Renew before your time is out. It saves us trouble and insures you not to miss a single copy. Often we can not furnish back copies.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:

We hope we have been making the "Children's Corner" interesting and instructive. We will continue to run a nice story for you. When a story is finished write and tell us how you liked it. Also tell us which story that we have published that you have enjoyed most. Make your letters for the "Young Folks' Postoffice" short. Make your letters bright and fresh. If you have just learned something new put it in your letter and let all your little friends over the State know it too. In this way you can be of great help to each other. The way people improve their minds and increase their knowledge most is by exchanging ideas with the living. Besides, you can now be getting acquainted with each other. Do you realize that within ten or fifteen years that you will be grown up people and be taking a part in the affairs of the domestic and political economy of the State. Before this writer is an old man, you will be blooming into manhood and womanhood. We are interested in you, because the management of our State will soon be in your hands. You are the nation's rising star of hope. THE CAUCASIAN extends its hand to you and will render you all the assistance that it can. You can also help us. We will be glad to hear from you often. You can also help us, by getting the circulation of THE CAUCASIAN.

Yours very truly,

THE EDITOR.

P. S.—We will start a new continued story in next issue.

Young Folks' Post Office.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to thank you for the "Children's Corner" in THE CAUCASIAN and especially for the "Young Folks' Postoffice." The story I have enjoyed very much and hope you will continue to publish one for us. I wish to ask one question: What verse in the Bible contains every letter in the alphabet except J?

Your little friend.

KINSTON, N. C., Nov. 2, 1893.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please allow me space in your valuable paper to join the Children's Corner. My father takes your paper and I like to read it. I wish to ask the boys and girls two questions. When and where was the first gas used for lighting up streets? When, where and by whom was the first horse brought into the U. S.? I will write again if this is not thrown in the waste basket. I close, wishing THE CAUCASIAN and its editor much success.

Your unknown friend,
S. J. Clark.

LAGRANGE, LENOIR CO.,
October, 30, 1893.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a little boy 12 years of age. My father takes your paper and I like very much to read it. I also like the Childrn's Corner. I will ask a question: What year did the earthquake come? I will answer a question for Era M. Hill: George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Va., on the 22nd of February, 1732. Best wishes to THE CAUCASIAN and its editor.

From your unknown friend,
Adam Measley.

ORA, SAMPSON CO., N. C.

MR. EDITOR: — Please give me space in your valuable to ask the boys and girls a question: Where is the tallest tree on earth, how high is it and what kind is it? Success to you all.

Yours as ever,
Addie Reynolds.

SAND SOIL, BERTIE CO.,
October, 22nd, 1893.

MR. EDITOR:—I take pleasure in writing a few lines to THE CAUCASIAN, which I have been reading for a good while. I will answer Lou Hinnant's question: The shortest chapter in the Bible is the 116th Psalm. I will also ask a question: Where is the word "river" first spoken of in the Bible?

Gertrude Williams.

MARINES, ONSLOW CO.,

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me a little space in the Children's Corner. I am a little girl 14 years old. My papa takes THE CAUCASIAN and like it very much, in fact we all like it. I live near the sea shore and go to the beach when I desire and we pick up shells that are very beautiful and go in bathing too. I will ask one question: Who first invented a steam engine? With much success to the editor and his loving bride, I am

Your unknown friend,
Emma Redd.

MARINES, ONSLOW CO.,
October 23rd, 1893.

MR. EDITOR:—I am pleased with the Children's Corner very much, especially the Bear story. I thank you very much for the Young Folk's Postoffice for I think it a deed of kindness and appreciate it very much. I am going to school and I like my teacher. He is very kind; his name is Jack Grayer. Our friends all like THE CAUCASIAN and its editor. I am a young girl and live near the coast and enjoy the sea breezes, but I am sorry that the fishermen have not had any luck fishing this year.

Hurrah! Boys and girls, let's keep the office full. With much success,

Your friend,
Annie H. Redd.

[You should put Mr. before your teacher's name.—ED.]

THE FUTURE SUNDAY

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE VICTORY FOR THE DAY AT THE FAIR.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Continues His New Series of Sermons on "The Prophecies of the World's Fair"—Man Needs Even More Hours For Rest.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr., continued in Association hall this morning the new series of sermons on "The Prophecies of the World's Fair." The subject of the discourse today he called "The Future of the American Sabbath, as indicated by the Sunday Opening Fiasco." He declared that the action of the fair authorities on this question was the one fly in the ointment of the great exposition. Their thimble rigging policy he declared was a disgrace which came near ruining the fair at a critical period. The working people had repudiated the Sunday opening when accomplished, and the public refused to have it. He declared that this conflict which focused the national sentiment upon the problem for the first time had demonstrated some things pretty clearly—among them certainly that the great truth of the Christian Sabbath—one day's rest in seven—has been re-emphasized as a primal ordinance of humanity, to whose sanctity ecclesiasticism can add nothing and from whose glory infidelity can subtract nothing.

The text chosen was from Mark ii, 27, "The Sabbath was made for man."

Jesus Christ was not orthodox on the Sabbath question. The heresy hunters were continuously after him for his failure to comply with the form of ceremonial and institutional religion. With special emphasis did the pharisees accuse him of breaking the Sabbath. And they had good grounds for their charge from the pharisaic point of view. Upon this question as upon others he was a reformer. He was the bearer of a new light. He did not destroy. He fulfilled and expounded. He found a Sabbath buried beneath dead ceremonialism. He reaffirmed its original divine purpose. He broke the letter. He kept the spirit. He lifted the day from the degradation of pharisaic form and made it radiant with the beauty and freedom of love. As yet, in America, while as a nation we have proved our reverence and loyalty to the day, we have not given the unbeliever the true basis of our faith. We have haggled over the legalism of a Mosaic statute, while we professed the fuller revelation of the Christ. The chief source of conflict upon this question is found in this confusion.

THE QUESTION AT CHICAGO.

Grave were the fears of the faithful what would be the outcome of a national struggle on this question at Chicago.

At this World's fair, for the first time since the republic was founded, the whole nation came together in one place with one purpose. In the truest sense of the word this fair was representative. Nearly 4,000,000 of people, representing every state and district of the continent, came to one spot, filled with the consciousness of a common national pride in a common national life. The means and the extremes met. The blood of every nation of earth mingles in our veins or yet floats unobserved upon the surface of our life. We are a composite people, with the elements of composition yet unassimilated in many states. The amalgam is not yet made. What we will be when it is made does not yet appear.

Let us confess that with the reputation of the west for recklessness on the Sabbath we felt sad over the possible victory of the lawless element in this conflict, coming as it did and when it did. The verdict would necessarily be national in its bearing. The way this question was handled by the directorate of the fair forms the one serious blot upon its history. It is the one fly in the ointment of the greatest exposition the civilized world ever saw. Let us try to remove this in the beginning of our study.

The fact is, we have cause for congratulation after all, for in the end God has taught the nation with a new emphasis a great and solemn lesson. The directors were, after all, fallible men, and in trying to increase their revenue at the expense of the nation's conscience by opening on Sunday they collided with the nation's honor, and in the hour of a possible peril brought honor and decency to the rescue of a poorly enlightened conscience. They went before the nation assembled at Washington and asked for an appropriation. The Sunday question was sprung and brought to a finish in congress. The Sunday observers won an overwhelming victory, voicing the unquestioned sentiment of a vast majority of all the people. They accepted the appropriation and promised to close the fair on Sunday.

Then they lied and for the sake of money opened it.

They outraged the sense of honor and decency of the nation.

The people would not have it—people who knew little or cared little about the question of opening or not opening on Sunday did care as to whether we should exhibit ourselves as a nation of liars and tricksters. The success of the exposition was seriously threatened.

And before the gathering storm of a nation's contempt the managers retreated and closed their gates.

Then came the enemy and invoked the magic jugglery of the law and the personal equation of the judiciary. Through the legal technicalities of a local law the gates were again forced open and the managers thus relieved of the stain of voluntary dishonor. But the people did not go into the opened gates. Sunday opening continued to be to the last week a conspicuous fizzle.

The hue and cry raised by a certain class in behalf of the workingmen proved by actual demonstration to be a fake pure and simple. The workingmen did not want the fair opened on Sunday, and they did not go when it was opened. The thimble rigging methods of the management on this question not only failed to deceive, but failed to give any advantage in the end to the performers. The management have been taught a valuable lesson—that there is such a thing as being too smart. In fact, after the fair they find themselves on this question where a very smart couple found themselves after a parade in New York one day, as reported by one of the papers:

A man and woman found themselves wedged in a crowd in one of the streets. They had come out to see the parade, and as things were they could see nothing. The man had a bright idea.

"When I give the word, Julia, you scream and faint."

Julia waited. The signal came, and she flopped over into her escort's arms.

"Give me air," she gasped.

"Air! air!" cried the man.

The crowd parted, and the man and woman emerged at the front. The woman revived, and the pair made ready to enjoy the show.

Just then, however, an ambulance dashed up. Some one had turned in a signal.

"You can't be too careful about them cholera cases," said the surgeon. "I'd better take you both along for inspection."

And they did not see the parade.

The whole truth is, the course of the management in this fiasco and the bearing of our people toward it at every stage of development has made clear one thing—the nation has rendered a verdict upon the Sabbath question that must tell in shaping our future.

ONE DAY'S REST IN SEVEN.

In this conflict the people have re-emphasized the truth of the Christian Sabbath—namely, that one day's rest in seven is not the invention of priestcraft, but is the primal ordinance of humanity, to whose sanctity ecclesiasticism can add nothing, from whose glory infidelity can subtract nothing.

First, we say they have reaffirmed the true basis of the Sabbath an ordinance primal of the human race. The people have said, Moses or no Moses, commandment or no commandment, Bible or no Bible, right or wrong, orthodox or heterodox, whatever dogs and cats may be able to do, as for man, the Sabbath with its rest is to him an absolute necessity of nature! Such a necessity indeed that, if God did not establish a Sabbath, he surely committed the crime of creating a being who can not live without one. And this is but a re affirmation of the unvarying record of history. France went mad with rage once against ecclesiasticism. They mistook the Sabbath for an invention of priestcraft to cheat them out of a day. They abolished it by law, only to wake in a short time from their delusion to find that God had founded the Sabbath in love for man and had written it in the red blood of nature's eternal decree. They found the law of the Sabbath written on their tired hands and feet, in quivering muscle and throbbing nerves.

What any nation of the old world has found a necessity for rest to the human body is a double necessity to the people of America. While the old world travels one mile we rush over two. We are a nation of maniacs in rush and drive. The pressure of life with us is becoming more and more an insanity. Of all the people God has created we should cherish the Sabbath. It is the one oasis in the desert of our feverish host. It is our one remaining bulwark against the greed of the century. Our lust for gold is taking the heart out of the nation. The Sabbath is the one pause in the mad rush. It is the one hour left when we may return to reason for the moment—gain the consciousness of our humanity. Every effort we have made in our national life to drive through this day with the rush and roar of the week has proved or is proving a failure. Men who are forced to work on Sundays never give the best service. They break down early. Their overwrought nerves and muscles are the cause of many fatal accidents in which the nation pays life for taking life.

NOT THE WORKINGMAN'S WISH.

Every attempt to break down the rest of the Sabbath in the name of the American workingman is a subterfuge and a lie. The workingman does not desire to work seven days in the week. The hue and cry set up in his name is the thinly guised hypocrisy of greed crying for the last possible tribute of his muscle and his heart's blood. The men who seek to break down the Sabbath as a day of complete rest are the enemies of labor; their twaddle on the subject is but the echo of some capitalistic glutton behind the scene who wishes to work them to the last drop of blood in their veins. No class of workingmen desire to work on Sunday. A fool editor of a weekly sheet in New York tried to get up a sensation to sell his paper some time ago by advocating the opening of the theaters on Sunday. He wrote to all the managers of the theaters and the leading actors and asked their views. And he got them. But they were not what he had expected. To a man manager and actor denounced the movement. And one of the reasons brought forward against it was the fact that Sunday opening in the west had proved itself a curse. They declared that it made the life of the actor well nigh impossible and did not increase the revenue of the theater, what they gained on Sunday being invariably lost on the first days of the week, and the extra labor was so much dead loss in the long run.

What we need to do for the workingman is more and more to shorten his hours of labor. The world is the gainer by it, directly and indirectly. Thousands of street car men are now forced to work from 12 to 15 hours a day, and some of them do not get a Sunday off in a year. Such a system is the quintessence of brutality.

The workingman is overworked now. What he needs, what he demands and what he will have is fewer hours of work and more days of rest. Every attempt to rob him of the perfect rest of the Sabbath is a crime against humanity. Why the great mass of workingmen have not spoken with louder emphasis upon this question is explained in part by that awful silence which the heartless grind of toil so often brings.

BRUTES BETTER TREATED THAN MEN.

We are kinder to dogs and horses than we are to one another. We give the horse the rest needed to prolong his life and give us the best possible service. We pile work on men until there is no heart power left to do the tired muscle. The world is run by heart power, not horsepower, whether in man or beast. We forget this.

Mr. Montague Williams has given us a description lately of that pathetic silence that hangs over this overwrought world of muscle. He describes a cheerless room in London where a man and his wife were working "for dear life" at their respective occupations, while the youngest of the six children dozed away the minutes in a corner and the older ones were silently "helping father." The woman was making buttonholes in a heap of waistcoats, and the husband bent over a bench, stitching uppers to boots.

No one spoke, no one looked up even for a glance from the window, and after standing some time in silence the visitor ventured to address some cheerful commonplace to the man. The latter, however, neither spoke nor moved an eyelash. The remark was repeated, but still there was no answer. Mr. Williams, believing the man to be deaf and dumb, turned an inquiring look on the wife.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh," said she, "he's got no time to talk. Every minute is precious to him. All that lot of uppers has got to be finished by 10 tonight, and took back, and then he'll bring me and the little uns a bite of food. If he wastes even five minutes to jaw, maybe he'll be too late to deliver the work, and we'll have nothing to eat afore tomorrow, unless I take half o' my work back."

She spoke uncomplainingly, as if such a state of things were quite to be expected. When her own sewing was hurriedly finished she drew a quick breath of relief, wrapped the waistcoats in a ragged bit of paper, slipped an old shawl over her head and hastened out, still in silence, to carry home her work.

Did the wretched family ever have time to speak? It almost seemed as if dead silence were there the rule of life.

And in face of worldwide facts like these there are men who write about the workingman's desire to see the wheels of this big world move round seven days in seven, and pose as his champion in every effort made to break his Sabbath's rest.

Second—We do not hesitate to acknowledge—and hasten to add that we are glad of it—that in this conflict ecclesiastical tradition has failed to make out a case. We have not got a Sabbath because we have the Ten Commandments. This commandment is merely the first crude translation on stone of the great law that had existed from the eternities. Our Sunday does not rest on the commandment letter of the Jewish ritual. If so, we celebrate the wrong day and utterly fail to fulfill the letter of the law. The Sabbath of the Mosaic ritual is our Saturday. No man who knows anything about the subject has ever disputed it. We do not keep the Sabbath day because we are commanded in so many words to keep a specific day.

WHY WE KEEP THE SABBATH.

We keep the Sabbath day because it is our privilege—a God given and Christ given one—of resting one day in seven. "The Sabbath was made for man," said Jesus. It was God's gift of love to his tired children. The Sabbatarian zealot who would restore the formalism of a pharisee's Sabbath is the enemy of Jesus Christ, for he is the follower of them who slew him.

Nor is the man who would restore the gloom and the absurdity of the early Puritanic Sabbath in this day any less the enemy of true Christianity. The life of our stern ancestors, while it had elements of heroic strength, had about its religion a narrowness, a bigotry and a meaness that it were better to forget than seek to perpetuate. Listen: In a book in which Jonathan Trumbull recorded the minor cases he tried as justice of the peace is this entry: "His Majesties Tithing man entered complaint against Jona. and Susan Smith, that on the Lord's day, during divine service, they did smile." They were found guilty, and each was fined 5 shillings and costs. But it was the "small boy" whose behavior in the meeting house provoked the Puritan elders to groan in chorus, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child."

The boy behaved badly because he was seated with other boys, instead of with his father and mother in a family pew. They were herded together on the pulpit and gallery stairs, and tithingmen and constables were appointed to watch over them "and see that they behave themselves comelie and use such raps and blows as meet."

In one parish it was ordered in town meeting "that there be some sticks set up in various places in the meeting house and fit persons by them and to use them."

It is this spirit carried into the interpretation of Scripture that has done so much hurt to the cause of Christ, as it has lingered as a strange discord in the light and harmonies of modern life.

From Waterville college in 1888 graduated a young man whose mother had designed him for the ministry. But he refused to enter it. One of the professors in Waterville, on a certain occasion, delivered a sermon in the chapel, in which he claimed that none but the elect could be saved; that of professing Christians not more than one in a hundred could reach heaven, and that heathen people would have more consideration of the Almighty in the future life than men of Christian nations who hear but do not profit by the word of God. The rules of the college made attendance upon religious services in the chapel compulsory. After this sermon the young man petitioned to be excused from further attendance on these services, giving as a reason that, according to the proportion stated, not above six persons in the college could be saved, and as there were nine worthy professors, all of whom were doctors of divinity, it would be presumption for him to hope for salvation, and therefore in attending church he was only making damnation the more sure and terrible.

The name of that young man was Benjamin F. Butler.

Form and ritual and tradition and ceremony may be one thing and Christianity another, as the following advertisement taken from a recent number of the St. James Gazette shows:

Church Preferment—A valuable living for sale in the suburbs of London. Sale urgent. Prospect of early possession. [Could it be put more delicately?] Net income £900. Light work. The best society. Practically no poor. Beautiful modern church. Apply to —.

The party which appeals to form and commandment and tradition has made a sorry showing in this mortal combat for the truth. But the truth is so divine a thing even its professed friends can not slay it.

INFIDELITY BALKED.

Third—The fact begins to shine with increasing brilliancy that from a Sabbath founded on a primal ordinance of humanity infidelity can subtract nothing.

The Christian world without authority of ritual or statute, moved by the resistless impulse of the free love toward Jesus Christ, changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday and made it the Lord's day—the day of his risen life—their day of joy and hope and peace of soul after the storm. This was the beginning of the reign of the spirit. The letter had done its work. The new era of freedom and love and grace had come.

The Sabbath is an ordinance of law—the divine law of nature. The reign of law is the reign of God. Therefore shall we remember the Sabbath day. The revelation of nature is the last work from God. You can not muffle the Sabbath bells of the world, because nature rings them.

The master musicians of the world are masters because their music throbs with the rythm of nature's heart. Their thought is one with the eternal incoming of life. Therefore they master us. Their power never wanes. Beethoven in a masterpiece reproduces the trumpet calls of the battlefield and the echoing cannon. Rossini gives us a tempest, Wagner a storm with sighing wind, rushing torrent and looping cascade. Rubinstein sweeps our souls with the wild music of a tornado. Sabbath bells are set to the oratorio of creation.

It is God's day because it is man's day. The Sabbath was made for man.

Infidel assaults are in vain.

We have only to ask who is man?

What is man?

Manhood is not eating and drinking and wallowing. This may be hog only.

WHAT MANHOOD MEANS.

Manhood means the moral, the spiritual, the something that makes humanity more than animal. The Sabbath was made for man. All that can lift man toward his high destiny—this is of the Sabbath—the voice that soothes and startles and inspires, the thought that opens new worlds, song and story, music and art, mountain and plain and sea—all that speak of the invisible, the eternal—are for man and in man's great day of rest and inspiration!

Therefore the day must live with increasing power.

I believe it because I believe in the future of humanity—of that composite humanity of which [illegible] position prophesies. For God has [illegible] ns of one blood, and he will bring to one triumph in the end. We alien blood. I know, but the same mother gave us birth. In the [illegible] of our last disgraceful slaughter of dians a writer tells us that at Ridge there was an Irish soldier ing with his comrades behind who was shot close to the heart.

"Faith," he exclaimed, "I'm it's all over wid me! Row me boys, an make a fince of me."

The next moment he was dead. obeyed him and used his body as part.

Another incident is told of fight worthy of note. A sq treated backward before the of the white soldiers, holding hands behind her.

She fell at last, pierced with bullets. It was found that she sheltered a baby with her body—a baby, ugly and copper like herself. She was killed, child was saved. And it was else's baby. God has made us blood. Let races clash—in the race that emerges will be writ in their very blood this law. tleness and sweetness and joy er of man's great soul freshened must grow as man grows and ilization advances.

In the sunshine and peace of days of rest with the flood of memories lies the secret of the power of our great men. As the grows in greatness it will more more recognize it.

A LOOKING GLASS.

Take a Peep and See Yourselves as Others See You.

[National Reformer, Hardy, Ark.]

Can a man be in favor of free ver and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can a man be opposed to free ver and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be in favor of high and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be opposed to a high and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be in favor of national banks and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be opposed to national banks and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be in favor of trusts and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be opposed to trusts and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be in favor of more money and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he be opposed to more money and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he favor economy and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he favor extravagance and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he favor an income tax and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he oppose an income tax and be a Democrat?

Yes.

Can he vote against the nominee of the party machine and be a Democrat?

No.

What then, constitutes a Democrat, his principles or his vote?

His vote. Principles don't count.

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "if congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to individuals or banking corporations."

Thos. Jefferson it was who said "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

If you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the manhood to back up your belief with your votes, what party will you be acting with to-day? tf.

"GROSS ABUSES."

That are Bringing Contempt and Ruin Upon a Dishonored Party—The Populist Party Better Than the Ballot Box Stuffing Democratic Party.

[Wilmington Messenger, May, 1892.]

We take leave just here to reiterate our well considered, honest opinion that North Carolina now stands very much in need of a good Election Law—the Australian or some other. Gross abuses have crept in that are dishonoring to the party and will bring contempt and ruin upon it if persisted it. We know educated, able, high-toned gentlemen who are unswervingly Democratic, who would prefer the triumph of the Third party to the triumph of the Democracy by resorting to low, dangerous, destructive methods at the ballot-box. They have said so in our hearing. They believe that Third partyism is a less evil than ballot abuses. Let us have reform here." (tf.)

NOTICE

To the American People.

The Democratic party under the leadership of Grover Cleveland has surrendered to John Sherman and his allies. (tf.)

THE CAUCASIAN is an eye opener every week. You can not afford to do without it.